

# A DAUGHTER OF FOLLY

By AMELIA E. BARR.

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## THE METROPOLITAN

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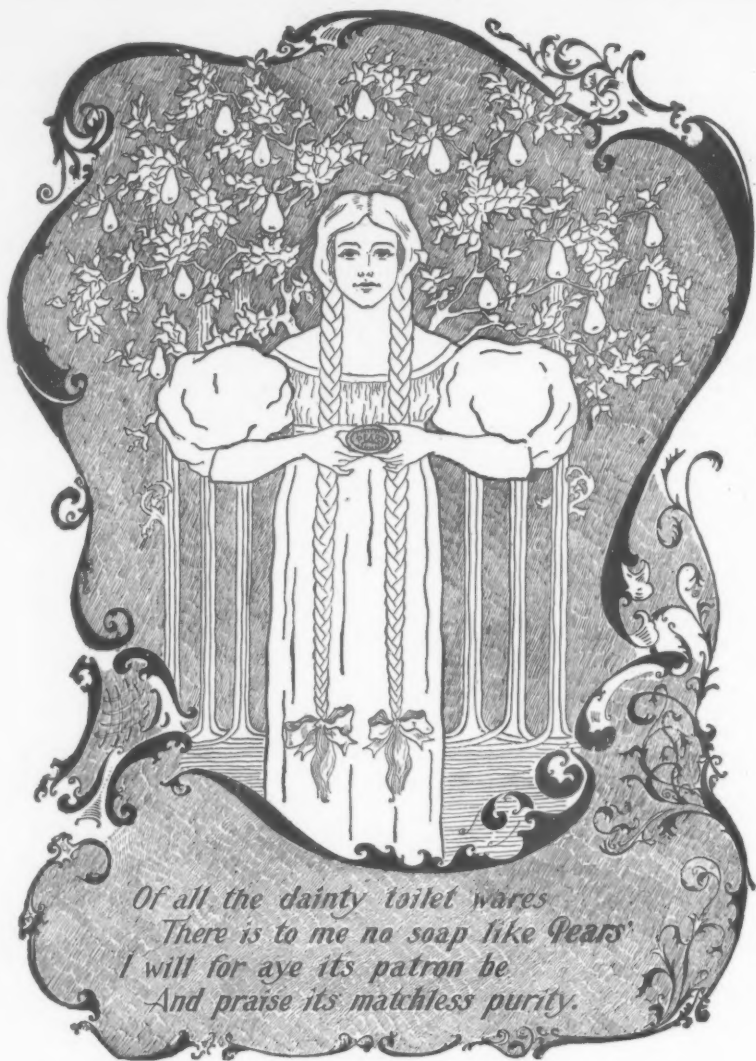
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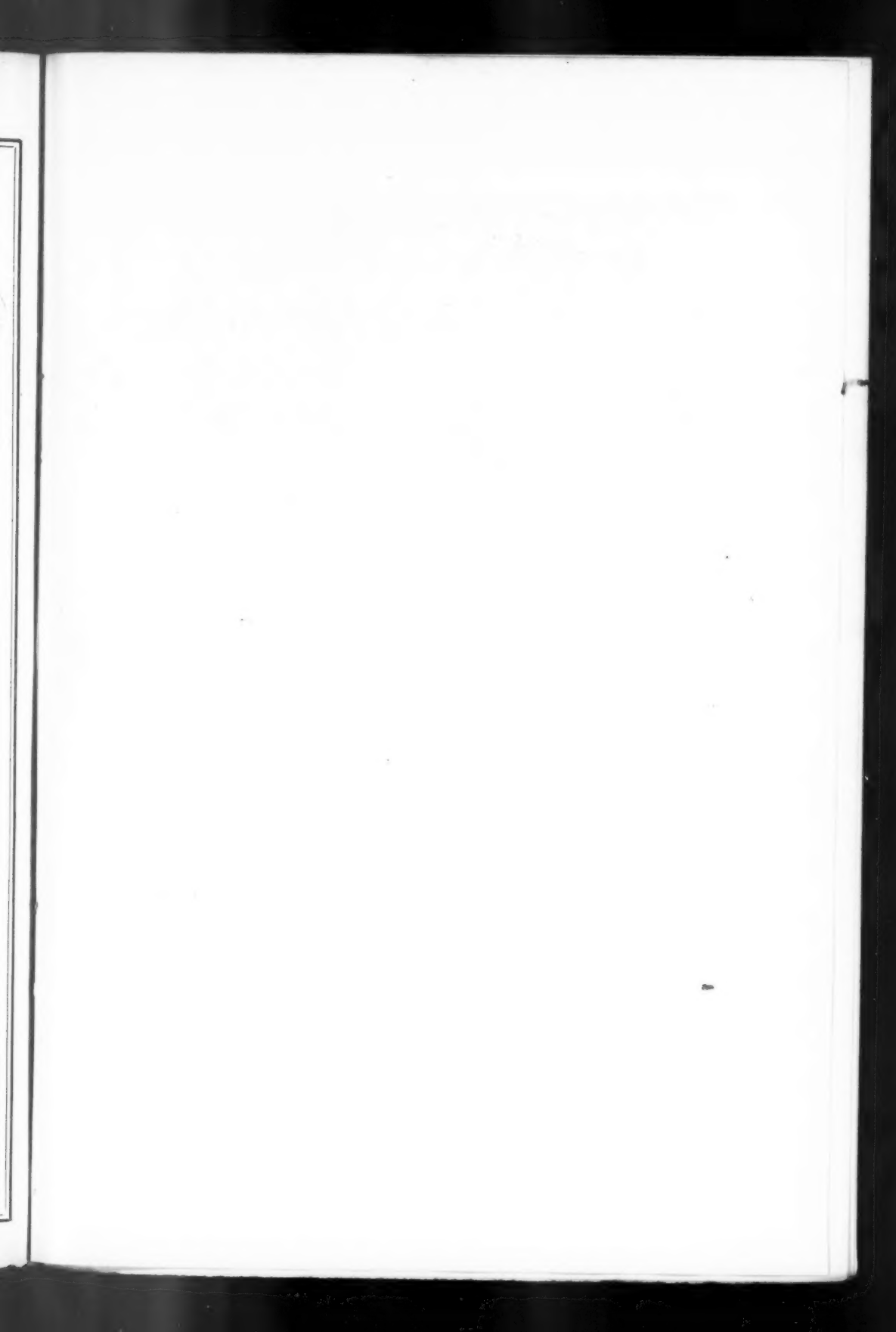


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*Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.*

*(See page 420.)*

"CLASPED HIM TIGHTLY WITH BOTH ARMS."



# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.*

VOL. XXI.

AUGUST, 1896.

No. 4.



## THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT GERMAN BURG.

BY C. FRANK DEWEY.

THE lapse of centuries has deprived Rothenburg-ob-der-Tauber of the place it once held in West Germany. But whoever may roam to-day through its medieval streets will find at every turn houses tableted with the names of kings and emperors and princes of world-famed celebrity, until he cannot refuse to believe in the early political importance of the German Jerusalem, as it has been named. Lost as this prestige now is, in the downward turn of fortune's wheel, something of its past glory comes before our imaginations as we wander from point

to point. Everywhere are the records of bygone power, of knightly chivalry, of martyr-like faith, of artistic creation, and domestic devotion. But whatever has disappeared of importance in the political field, there remains the halo of art still hanging around this many-gabled and wall-girt town. Certain it is that nowhere has the old medieval pattern been better preserved than at Rothenburg; nowhere will the artist find a richer field, with its quaint streets and bits of architecture, and quainter interiors. It can no longer be called as formerly,

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AN AUSTRIAN OFFICER AND DOMINICAN MONK.

"the granary of Nuremberg;" but there are still many mills humming along the banks of the Tauber, while grain-clad hills and vine-clothed slopes, breweries and factories, and all the paraphernalia of modern life point to thrift and comfort.

The absence of soldiers in a town in Germany, where soldiers ordinarily grow on every bush, is very noticeable. Indeed, the absence of visible signs of government makes the visitor almost think he is within a republic. The temporal welfare of the city is thoroughly well looked after by the wise and energetic burgermeister, Herr Mann. The bearing of its inhabitants has a sturdy self-dependence and equality about it that is surely a remnant of the days when it was a great and respected commonwealth.

In the ninth century, Pharamond, king of the East Franks, founded the burg building, St. Blasius Chapel, in the park, and the massive tower at the base. To the east of this fortress nestled a little town of whose walls nothing remains save the Marcus Thurm and Weisse Thurm. The Church of the Knights Templars of St. John was included in the circle of these walls but the Franciskaner Kirche was

outside. In 1280 its walls were extended to take in the present limits. This was in the time of the great Burgermeister Toppler, and under his rule it reached its highest prosperity. It had been raised to a free city by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, and its privileges were confirmed by Rudolph of Hapsburg, who made it a city of the Holy Roman Empire.

It now became a powerful factor in the political combinations of the time. Tournaments were held in the valley of the Tauber, knights and high-born ladies dwelt in the large patrician houses, the courtyards were filled with serving men and men-at-arms, and wealth and commerce poured into the Frankish town. In 1308, when at the very zenith of his power and statecraft, and the central figure in all the events of that period, the great burgermeister, through treachery, fell.

During the whole of the fifteenth century Rothenburg was perpetually at war and in war. At the end of this period, when unmolested by its neighbors, it was tormented by strife within its walls. The artisans and artificers clamored for a share in the government; the nobles resisted; many went out to take up their abode elsewhere. In the sixteenth century the peasants began to rise, and the Tauber and Rothenburg became the life and soul of Franconia, the "Black Rothenburgers," under Florian Geyer, being the backbone of the peasant army. But the end was bitter. After the unlucky battle of Königshofen, sixty of the town leaders were beheaded in their own marketplace, and a river of blood flowed



THE CELLARER.

down the Schmied Gasse, the nobles having again the upper hand.

But with the Reformation new elements of strife began. The senators in council openly declared for the revision of the Church and education and sided with Luther. The convents, monasteries and churches were taken possession of by the town, and in 1544, on Lætare Sunday, the first Protestant Church service was held. However, the troubles of Rothenburg were

Tauber. The citizens were proud, capable, trained in arms, and well provided with cannon and ammunition. Tilly felt that he could not suffer the Swedes to establish themselves upon the Tauber with such a strong base of supplies from which to overrun Franconia. After the unlucky attempt upon Wertheim, finding himself inferior in force to the Swedish army, he decided to capture Rothenburg.



TILLY AND HIS GENERAL STAFF.

not yet over. In the Thirty Years' War it suffered frightfully. The victories of Gustavus Adolphus had endangered the Catholic League, and to protect the Bavarians from the Protestant Swedes and their allies, Rothenburg, in 1631, was besieged by Tilly. It was then a wealthy town of some six thousand inhabitants, extremely well fortified with massive tower-crowned walls, rising on the heights of the steep cliffs which command the

With reunited forces and heavier guns, he threw himself upon the town, only to be met with an obstinate defense. Every inch of ground was contested, but the powder-tower was exploded by a grenade, and, after desperate and continuous fighting for thirty hours, the Swedish garrison and defenders, finding themselves at the end of their resources, reluctantly hung out the white flag. Tilly would not hear of terms of capitulation for the towns-

people. The Swedes might withdraw freely, but the town must submit unconditionally. When the town was occupied, and possession taken of the beautiful Rathhaus, Tilly, surrounded by Count Pappenheim, the Duke of Lorraine, Count von Aldringer, and General von Ossa, sent for the Senate. It came with Burgermeister Bezold at its head, and heard its condemnation to death for obstinate resistance to the imperial commanders, to whom it owed allegiance. Already the executioner had been sent for, when the wives of the unfortunate men succeeded in penetrating the council-hall, and kneeling with their children at the feet of Tilly, begged for mercy. He allowed himself to be softened, but coupled his clemency to the senators, with the whimsical condition that one of them should empty, at a draught, the mighty loving-cup of Tauber wine that had been presented to the victors.

In this emergency, the ex-burgermeister, Nusch, undertook the task, and his



ROTHENBURG'S SENATE IN COUNCIL.

shows the emperor on a throne, with the electors to the right, the seven princes of the Church to the left, bearing the date of 1616. Later were added the arms of Nusch, whose family was ennobled and received a pension from the Senate in remembrance of their ancestor's deed. It is now jealously guarded at the house of a descendant, Herr Pürkhauer. To my question if it were for sale, the gentleman replied: "Um keinen preis" (not at any price).

The sleepy, peaceful condition into which Rothenburg had sunk after the stirring events of her early history, induced some of her more energetic citizens to look about for means of attracting attention

success saved the lives of himself and colleagues. The cup from which this delivering draught was taken is of glass, and holds thirteen Bavarian schoppen (about three quarts). It has been preserved to this day as an heirloom of the burgermeister's lineal descendants. The cup has been elaborately painted. It



TILLY'S ENTRANCE INTO ROTHENBURG.

and of increasing her commercial advantages. So much that was dramatic had passed within those ancient walls that it required only the historic picture of Herr Shuch, representing Tilly in the new Rathhaus, to suggest the dramatizing of that wonderful episode in the Thirty Years' War. Herr Hoerber, a patriotic citizen, furnished the drama, and with the assistance of Herren Kohler and Fuerst, the piece was successfully put on the stage in the old Kaisersaal, where Tilly dictated his terms.

Many of the living actors are lineal descendants of the heroes of that event. The first representation took place on Wednesday, June 6, 1891. Its success was assured from the very first. The ex-burgermeister, Nusch, is the central figure of this historical play of "Der Meister Trunk," or "Giant Draught," which is now enacted annually in the great hall of the old Rathhaus.

The victorious general, accompanied by his staff and the Duke of Lorraine, Prince Louis of Pfalzburg, Count Gottfried von Pappenheim, Count John Aldringer, Rudolph von Ossa,

like capitulation, but allows the Swedes to go free, condemning the town to tribute and the Senate and burgermeister to death. For a time the poor wives and children beg in vain for mercy. The victor is inexorable, but at length he agrees to satisfy his anger with the death of four senators. Let them choose. Unanimously the Senate prefers death for all, and the burger-

meister himself, under a guard of soldiers, is sent to fetch the executioner, who lives out of town.

In the meantime, to bring Tilly into better humor, in the hope that he would show clemency, the daughter of the castellan and cellarer offers him wine, and, after her father granting her permission, goes to fetch it. The cellarer meantime praises the wine, comparing it to a prisoner:

"My Lord, I have had in ward for many years  
A noble off-spring of the sun-god;  
Let me to-day, the day of all our deaths,  
Give him his freedom; 'tis a worthy sacrifice."

Tilly takes the mighty cup filled with Tauber wine, drinks, and passes it around to his suite. Even these do not exhaust it. Tilly, struck by its size, and brought into better humor by the generous wine, exclaims, with the effort at grim joke belonging to the period of ruffianism: "I will show mercy on this condition—that one of you empty the full cup at one draught!" Naturally the Senate remains dumb at the bitter jest. It was a feat beyond human power. But at length Nusch, thinking it possibly a more agreeable death than hanging, and being the son of the host "Zum goldnen Hirsch" (the tavern to the "gilded Deer"), and probably accustomed to big drinks, comes forward and offers to attempt the feat.



A FESTIVE MAID OF FRANCONIA.



HEGEREITER'S HOUSE.

and a Dominican monk, together with the hordes of devastating and plundering ruffians that formed their train, maketheirentury into Rothenburg and march into the Rathhaus, where the Senate is assembled with Burgermeister Bezold at their head. Among them is the former burgermeister, George Nusch. Tilly rejects anything



PANDUR OFFICER.



TILLY AND THE CELLARER'S DAUGHTER.

"This fatal war, which in the very marrow of our bones

Our country plagues, is not from brotherly love,  
But is from hate begot. God holds us  
All as brothers in His Father-heart  
Alike who Abba, or Jehova, cry.  
I drink to thee, oh faith! Or else may this  
My death-draught be, which to another  
And more lovely home my spirit bears."

Breathlessly, the anxious spectators watch as they see the large measure lifted higher and higher, its contents gradually disappearing down the throat of the valorous burgermeister. They scarcely dared hope. His strength would fail and the cup would be withdrawn. But no! It is drained to the last drop, and the fainting burgermeister has just strength enough to hand it to Tilly and stammer out: "Thy promise!"

"It shall be honorably kept," says the general; and Nusch sinks to the floor. Then women and children press into the council-chamber full of joy at the unexpected delivery, for which no one has dared to hope. The burgermeister's wife appears and thanks

Tilly for his clemency. The cellarer's daughter brings him flowers, and Tilly says:

"I thank thee! Be happy, and forget not that Tilly held judgment in this Senate hall and drank thy wine."

To which the burgermeister's wife replies with passionate feeling:

"Forget this day? When fear of death  
And greatest joy together mingled?  
When life anew was given to him  
Upon whose heart my faithful love hangs true!  
We come to thank thee, Count, for thy great  
gift,

One prizes most what we have all but lost.  
Nay, smile not! because in age I freely own  
What moves my heart. Love, loyal once  
To golden locks, is not a traitor when  
They silver gleam."

(Taking her husband's hand.)

"By this hand led,  
To this heart bound, and happy more than all,  
Esteem for each brought sunshine in our lives,  
Time speeds, creeps on the shade of age,  
And bitter parting threatens to engulf us.  
Now know I erst what thou hast been to me,  
And what pale death would fain have robbed  
me of;  
And yet again, as through a miracle, for which  
I thank  
My God, thou art once more mine own."



SUPERINTENDENT OF THE TOWN-HALL.

Three days Nusch lingers between life and death, and when he recovers his first words are: "I could never save another town."

This historical drama is always given at Whitsuntide, and attracts thousands from all parts of the continent. The real cup, of course, is not allowed to be used for the play, but there is a good imitation of it in the Rathhaus. In the afternoon of the play, Tilly and his army, numbering over five hundred, a motley crew, assemble in the Spital court and traverse the narrow and crooked streets of the town to the place where the real Tilly encamped upward of two hundred and fifty years ago. All the gateways of the town are held by halberdiers and watchmen clad in the costume of that period.





THE CELLARER AND HIS DAUGHTER.

But enough of the play. Let us turn to the town itself. Starting from the principal tavern and turning to the left, the first object of interest is one of the numerous fountains, so plentiful in Rothenburg, surmounted by a figure in stone of a bearded Triton with two tails, one of which is comfortably tucked under each arm. The church behind the fountain is a Gothic building of the year 1403.

Of the sculptures that adorned it outside, there remain only a dilapidated St. John and a St. Christopher. Exactly opposite the east end of the church is the house of Nusch, the historic senator, who saved the town from destruction and his fellow-senators from death. Passing this we come suddenly upon the market-place, where the noble Rathhaus raises its majestic front. This magnificent building consists really of two parts, the older and Gothic building attached to it at the back having been built in 1240, after the model of a still

more ancient Rathhaus, which stood opposite and had been burned. This building contains the old dungeons where Toppler's busy life ended, the torture-chamber, the archives, and the noble council-chamber where, once a year, the festival play to commemorate the deliverance of the town by Nusch's "Meister Trunk" is enacted. From this older building springs a square tower one hundred and eighty feet high, that, according to old pictures, had not originally its charming bell-cupola and its four colossal stone figures. The tower is rather troublesome to ascend, but the view repays one, and so does a chat with the old man who lives there.

This Gothic Rathhaus is divided by a court, partly bridged over by a gallery from the front, or Renaissance building. In this court is a very fine ancient portal falling into moss-green decay, but so lovely in its ruin that one cannot wish for the ruthless destroying hand of the restorer.

The Renaissance edi-



KOBOLDZELL GATE.



fice, which dates from about 1522, is a two-story building, with a high, pointed roof, through which break three sets of dormer windows. The first floor begins with an anteroom, the beamed ceiling of which is supported by Ionic columns. The benches are of chiseled stone. Upon the walls hang the coats of arms of former burgermeisters and consuls. In the middle of the room is a Gothic door leading into the council-hall of the old Rathhaus. The ceiling of this chamber is of oak, entirely unsupported by columns, and having a center beam which has never needed repairing since it was put up in 1240. The battle pictures around the walls are from the palace of Schleissheim, near Munich. At the south end is a large relief in stone, formerly in the Franciskaner Kirche.

In style it is early Gothic, and repre-

sents worldly dignity, the one with the tiara and the other with the imperial crown.

The fine proportions of the hall are stunted by the galleries erected for the biannual play, and kept in position from motives of economy. A fine Renaissance press at the north end of the hall contains the original keys of the six outer gates of the town, and these, with a crown, are carried on a cushion in solemn processions of state before any sovereign who may visit Rothenburg.

The bell in the octagon belfry is called by the populace the "Poor Sinner's" bell. In former times its piercing tones were used to bring the town council together in haste and on occasions of necessity. The windows of the belfry staircase, instead of being placed hor-



TILLY'S COMMISSARY.

sents the Last Judgment. Owing to the fitness of the subject it was brought to this hall, and the custom, still in force, established of obliging the jury to take oath before it that they will truly administer justice.

Angels holding tools in their hands, and with all the signs of the Passion, form the upper part of the composition; below are the Pope and the Kaiser, clad

horizontally, follow the line of the staircase and slant with its rise.

On every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday, from the high watch-tower of the old Rathhaus, a chorale is played, with a verse given to each quarter of the compass, and when a wedding takes place, the musicians are very often employed for an extra performance.

The houses facing the Rathhaus, rich



A SUABIAN PEASANT.

with different and curious gables, commemorate by tablets the imperial and royal guests who at different times have taken up their quarters here. Facing the post-office to the south, and behind the Herterich Brunnen, are the remains of the oldest Rathhaus. After it was abandoned as a council-chamber, it was used as a dancing-house, then as a butcher's-hall and finally has been transformed into a museum. Beneath the vaulted and beamed ceiling stand two large Renaissance presses of unusual value.

In front of this old Rathhaus is the splendid fountain of St. George and the Dragon, and to the south stands a famous tavern, "The Bär," where a club of well-known artists assemble and gives entertainments in the winter. The owners of this tavern count themselves among the first patricians of Rothenburg, dating their descent from Michael Rucker, one of the senators of 1274. One of Rucker's descendants is Herr Conrad Uhl, who is the proprietor of the famous Hotel Bristol, in Berlin, and a fast friend of the Emperor William II. Among the honors which have fallen to Herr Uhl's lot under the present empire is the Hohenzollern Cross.

The beautiful Church of St. James the Great, south of the Rathhaus, is one of the finest specimens of Gothic art in Franconia. It was built through subscription, the burghers and the peasants giving each one heller, or a fourth part of a penny. The foundation was laid on

St. James's Day, 1273. Even to this day every worshiper puts in a pfenning, hellers being no longer current.

The church has two square towers of sandstone of different sizes and designs, and Merz naïvely accounts for the difference by telling us that one was built by the architect and the other by his pupil. The story goes, that because the north tower, designed by the pupil, was so much more graceful than that of the master, the unhappy man in a fit of rage and jealousy, threw himself from the top. This is commemorated by the effigy of a man sliding from the roof on the southeast side of the church. Others say he gave the pupil such a box on the ear that the latter went flying over. They were strong of arm in those days.

The square towers of St. James are capped with pierced steeples; the flying buttresses and ornaments are very beautiful, though unfortunately the outside sculptures are much ruined.

In olden times, when yards surrounded the churches, and were protected by high walls for sanctuaries, there was only one small place of entrance. This was the case with the Church of St. James. The stone posts mark where the wall once

was, and the only entrance had to be made through the Kirche Gasse. At that time, too, some fine old statues of the Agony on the Mount of Olives and Gethsemane were standing at the southeast of the great porch, under what was called a "death lantern," a small window bearing a light on festivals of all saints.

The interior of the church, the beautiful proportions of which are very



BURGERMEISTER NUSCH.



A SONDHEIM PEASANT.



HOSPITAL GATE.

striking, consists of a very lofty nave, divided from the side aisles by twelve massive columns, decorated with figures of the saints and apostles. From these columns spring the groined roof. Many of the keystones of the arches have the devices of Rothenburg nobles, while others have simply a stone rosette. The stained-glass windows, which are very beautiful, belong to the best period of Frankish art, and represent the Shower of Manna. The high altar, or altar of the Twelve Apostles, was presented by the burgermeister, Toppler. It is a fine specimen of wood-carving, and was painted by Wohlgemuth, the master of Albrecht Dürer. To him are also attributed the paintings on the wings. Very curious is the conception of the Trinity, which is represented by God the Father pointing to the Crucified One, to whom he is united by the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the mouth or beard of the Father, and resting its head upon the Son. The altar to the Virgin, which is now in the north side aisle, was originally in the Spital Kirche, and is attributed to a celebrated Wurzburg sculptor, Riemen-schneider, in the year 1495. In the south side is the altar of the Holy Blood, belonging to the former church of that name. The wood-carving is fine, and is certainly Riemen-schneider's, as the bill for it was found a few years ago. It represents the entry into Jerusalem, the Last Supper, and the Mount of Olives. The Last Supper is also a very curious representation. In the middle, well to the front, our Saviour stands, but most prominent of all is Judas. St. John seems to

be almost lying upon the top of the table, and such was the ignorance of perspective in plastic art that the table itself was placed vertically, almost parallel to the plane of the picture in order to show the things upon it. A drop of the Sang Real, or Holy Blood, is supposed to be contained in the crystal ball at the top. Many pilgrimages were made to it, and the chapel was richly endowed.

Turning south to a small street where Herr Pürkhauer, the owner of the Pocal, lives, we find ourselves in the broad Herren Gasse, a splendid street leading to the Burg Thor, with an avenue of trees on each side, and a fine fountain, with the usual double fish-tailed figure and crown scepter in the middle. This street, at one time entirely inhabited by the great nobles and patricians, contains some very fine family houses, which have, at different periods, given shelter to many emperors and other crowned heads—the tablets on the walls giving testimony. The two most noteworthy are 19 and 44. No. 19 belongs to the Staudt family, and has a most delightful old-world court and garden, which the present owner, whose ancestors played a great part in the history of the town, kindly allows artists to enter and copy. No. 44 belongs to the Walther family. The interior is very interesting, and the owner, Fraulein Wal-



COUNT TZERKLAS TILLY.



PRINCE LOUIS VON PFALZBURG.

ther, also permits admittance to artists.

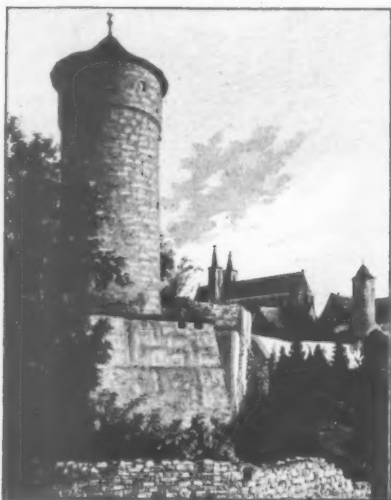
Just below this, on the left, is the *Franciskaner Kirche*, the Westminster Abbey of Rothenburg, for here are all the graves and monuments of her great nobles and leaders. The church is early Gothic, and was begun in the eleventh century by two monks of the Minoriten Order of St. Francis d'Assisi. After many vicissitudes, it was finished in the thirteenth century. It was then outside the walls of the town. It has three aisles and a flat roof, which is divided from the lower side aisles by ten heavy stone pillars without capitals. Throughout the church are placed gravestones and coats of arms. The most remarkable are those of the Creglingen family, of Dietrich von Berlichingen, the grandfather of the famous Götz; of Hans von Beulendorf and his wife, and a monument to a Swedish officer who fell in the storming of Rothenburg

by Tilly. The doublet of this officer was found in his grave and is now in the chapel of the Holy Blood. The altar representing scenes in the life of St. Francis d'Assisi, is by Wohlgemuth, and in very good condition; but in the wings the statues have their noses broken off—a defacement which took place at the time of the movement against image-worship. The gigantic figures throughout the body of the church as well as those in the sacristy, formerly stood about the organ of the Jacob's Kirche. The floor, boarded over on account of the damp silt exuding from the salt, which used to be stored there, probably covers an immense number of interesting tombs. The slender steeple springing from an arch between the choir and the church, is, unlike the other church towers, made of cornstone, a kind of hard dolomite limestone found in the neighborhood of the Tauber.

We are now at the limits of the town to the north, and the next points of interest are the Spital Thor and Hof to the south. Here, looking outward, we see a



MAGDALENE WITH HER TWO CHILDREN AND THE CELLARER'S DAUGHTER.



PUNISHMENT TOWER.

small green where criminals were formerly put to death. Among others who suffered here was the Giant Knight of Elm, whose measurement of nine feet was commemorated by a clamp inside the gate.

Leaving the hospital court and turning to the right, we pass through the fortifications and bastions surrounded by the deep moat of the Spital Thor. This was also called the "Nightcap tassel"—the name arising from a speech of the Emperor Albrecht I., who, when begged by the citizens to be allowed to include the hospital buildings within the town walls, after long refusing, on account of the difficulty of defending them, at last gave reluctant consent, saying irritably: "Your town looks already like a nightcap. You will now put the tassel on."

Turning our back to this Thor, we see the Siech Haus, and below it the little establishment of Wildbad. Keeping the walls to our right, we pass two towers at the end of a bridge. They are the remains of the Essig Krug, a very large fortress built by Duke Pharamond to protect his Franks from the thieving Alemanni and Suabians. It was called the Essig Krug, or Vinegar Flask, because of a speech of this same duke who said: "I shall give the Suabes such a

dose of vinegar as will set their teeth on edge when they come to it." This grand fortress, however, was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake in 1356. The Dog Tower, on the right, with its four little nestling turrets, is said to contain the body of a man who was convicted of treason and walled up alive, and his effigy is there shown. From the mound of the Essig Krug we have a lovely view of the old town and the Tauber wending its serpentine way through the valley, with its broad meadow-land and beautiful hamlets. The eye takes in green beech groves, shaded walks, and vine-clad hills, with many spires looming in the distance.

But a few steps through the Burg Park we pass the new plantation under the walls of the house where Dr. Carlstadt, Luther's friend, and afterwards his bitterest enemy, was let down, like St. Paul, in a basket, to escape the pursuit of the sheriffs of the council by which he had been condemned to death for agitation.

Our way now leads under the walls of an ancient convent, past the fine Straf Thurm, or punishment tower, where people were confined for small offenses,



AT THE HETERICH'S WELL.

to the broad fields sloping down to the pretty little village of Dettwang, about twenty minutes' walk away. Above this valley is the Engelburg, where the remains of a strong wall are still to be seen. Continuing along the broad and divided Tauber, we reach the little village of Dettwang. A quaint old church in the middle of the churchyard, entered by a still quainter old porch, at once claims the attention. This is the little chapel of our Lady of Coboldzell, erected in the fifteenth century above the remains of a still more ancient one founded by St. Kilian in the seventh century. It has some very fine wood-carving, and in the south wall is a curious stone "lantern of the dead."

A couple of hours' drive beyond Dettwang lies Creglingen, a village that has a great treasure in the Herr Gott's Kirche,

where the wood-carving of Veit Stoss is of almost priceless value. It is about a quarter of an hour's walk from the actual village. The church (Gothic) was built in 1384, by some of the Hohenlohe family, a lineal descendant of whom is the present German Reichskanzler. It is rich in gravestones and memorials. The pulpit and the altar to the Virgin were painted by Wohlgemuth, and there are also carvings by Dürer. The village itself is interesting and picturesque, and also played a conspicuous part, or rather its lords did, in medieval history.

But we must stop our journey. There are endless roads through sections replete with medieval interest, and as space is limited, we will carry our reader back to the town, and having brought him once more into the quaint market-place, bid him good-by.



ROTHENBURG CITY GUARD





### THE NEW WOMAN AND GOLF PLAYING.

BY MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN.

WHAT the bicycle has left undone toward the transformation of the life of American women, the game of golf bids fair to complete.

The rapid adoption of this game by both men and women is only second to the incredibly rapid spread of bicycle riding. Its advantages as compared to those offered by the use of the fascinating wheel are great although widely differential. The chief points of similarity lie in the fact that both compel long days in the open air; but both are absorbing, and both can be carried to a very high point of professional skill.

The history of the game of golf is extremely interesting. The ancient and royal game of golf—by this title it has come down to us—is full of memories and associations. Although Scotland first developed it as it is known to-day, there are curious and scattered germs of the game discovered in searching for its origin. In Holland old prints and tiles, still extant, testify to the use of balls, and clubs very like the modern wooden driver. These tiles with their humorous Dutch figures, in baggy trousers, the naive creations of an older day, tell the

story of the beginnings of this game of club and ball.

They called it "kolf"—an undoubtedly close resemblance to the modern name, but they played it indoors, the object being to send the ball against a post and back again.

This, of course, is not golf at all as we know it, and as it has been played these four hundred years, but the name and the likeness of the club to those in modern use entitles it to interest.

The next appearance of the game was in Belgium. Here it was called "chole," and was played in the open air. It was played with clubs and balls of an embryonic nature, the club having a much longer head than those in use at the present time.

The method of this play is as follows: the players divide into two parties, after fixing the point for which they are to play, sometimes two or three or even four leagues distant from the tee, the game being to reach and touch with the ball, say the right-hand pillar of the door of a church or other large enclosure.

The captain of each side chooses a player alternately till all the company are di-





POSITION FOR THE DRIVE.

vided into two parties, each under its captain. Then the number of strokes in which the distance is to be covered is, as it were, put up at auction, the side which offers the lowest estimate wins and strikes off. Then off they go, across field and meadow, ledge and ditch, the game being usually played in the autumn when the fields are bare. Each man of the striking-off party swipes at the ball alternately; but when they have had three strokes, a man of the other party "de-chole," i. e., hits back the ball and attempts to put it into as impossible a hazard as can be found.

This is the game of chole, still very different from real golf, which made its definite appearance in Scotland about four hundred years ago.

There is a very pretty and fanciful theory advanced by Sir W. G. Simpson in his "Art of Golf," to account for the origin of the game as played in Scotland which is worth quoting:

"A shepherd tending his sheep would often chance upon a round pebble, and having his crook in his hands, he would strike it away, for it is as inevitable that a man with a stick in his hand should aim a blow at any loose object lying in his path as that he should breathe. Over pastures green this led to nothing; but once on a time (probably) a shepherd, feeding his sheep on a links—perhaps those of St. Andrew's—rolled one of these

stones into a rabbit scrape. 'Marry,' quoth he, 'I could not do that if I tried,' a thought (so instinctive is ambition) which nerved him to the attempt. But a man cannot long persevere alone in any arduous undertaking, so our shepherd hailed another, who was hard by, to witness his endeavor. 'Forsooth, that is easy,' said the friend, and trying, failed. They now searched the gorse for the roundest stones, and having deepened the rabbit scrape, so that the stones might not jump out of it, they set themselves to practise putting. The stronger but less skilful shepherd, finding himself worsted at this amusement, protested that it was a fairer test of skill to play for the hole from a considerable distance. With this arranged, the game was bound to be much more varied and interesting.

"They at first called it 'putty,' because the immediate object was to 'putt,' or put the ball into the hole or scrape; but at the longest distances what we call driving was the chief interest, so the name was changed to 'go-off,' or golf.

"The sheep having meanwhile strayed, our shepherds had to go after them. This proving an exceedingly irksome interruption, they hit upon the ingenious device of making a circular course of holes, which enabled them to play and herd at the same time. These holes being now many and far apart, it became necessary to mark their whereabouts, which was



DRIVING—BACK VIEW

easily done by means of a tag of wool from a sheep attached to a stick, a primitive kind of flag, still used on many greens almost in its original form. Since these early days the essentials of the game have altered but little."

However much truth there may be in this story of the origin of golf, it is amusing and plausible. At the old club-house at St. Andrew's, the home of golf for these many years, are to be seen the ancient clubs which were used in its earliest days. They are heavier and more clumsy than



LOFTING THE STYMIE.

those in modern use, but very similar in form.

We can imagine King Charles I. of England, on a holiday at Leith, playing away over the heather, and how his happy mood was changed by the arrival of a letter announcing a revolt in Ireland.

There is also a legend that Mary Queen of Scots was seen playing at golf in the fields about Seton the day after Darnley's murder, and she was much criticized—so goes the tale—for her thoughtlessness. We can imagine her—that notable woman, as even her enemies called her—playing over the fields on that clear autumn morn-

ing. This picture of her in the crystal air, exulting in physical exercise so soon after the dark tragedy of her life, seems curiously characteristic and vivid. Beautiful, vital, passionate and unhappy—her memory is ineradicable in the history of humanity.

There is another anecdote of the Duke of York playing with a shoemaker, and being beaten, and a floating tradition of unhappy Prince Charlie's practise of golf; but they are slight and hardly circumstantial enough to be interesting.

James VI. was deeply interested in the game, and had a special maker of balls and clubs in his service. He issued many proclamations regulating the game, which was not to be played on Sunday except by those who had gone to church in the morning. To enforce this law, an officer was stationed at the door of each church to count the well-doers and to take note of the miscreants who were absent. How patriarchal and simple a government when such surveillance was possible! and how pleasant the suggestion of the close connection between king and people!

For a time golf languished in Scotland, and for two centuries was not practised. Then it was revived. Dr. Johnson and David Garrick also played at old St. Andrew's, and from their times on golf has continued to be a favorite pastime in Scotland. In the early part of the present century, King William IV. was patron of the St. Andrew's Club, and in later years the Prince of Wales has held this position. St. Andrew's is the principal home of golf, and many affectionate memories cluster around the little gray university town and its adjoining links.

The growth of golf in England belongs to the last twenty years; with the exception of Blackheath, founded in 1603, there is no record of links or of golf playing until 1864. Since then they have multiplied with astonishing rapidity, and there are now eight hundred in England and Scotland.

Elaborate instructions, brought to a scientific pitch of accuracy, may be found in the well-known books which have been long considered authorities on golf play; but it may not be amiss to give here a few brief suggestions regarding the game as played by women.

There are certain modifications which



MRS. BROWN.

are peculiar to the feminine game of golf. In the first place, as women are undoubtedly inferior to men in strength, and as in dress they are encumbered, it follows that in the practice of all athletic sports they must be very far behind the men. A woman can neither see as accurately nor hit as far as a man. There is no use denying these unfortunate facts. They exist, and must be dealt with as seems best.

First, then, a few words as to what the game actually is, as it is now played. Upon an inch high pinch of dirt, called a tee, located upon a slightly elevated platform of earth, the golf ball is placed. From this advantageous position the player drives the ball with a wooden club as far as he can toward a small hole in the ground, which is lined with tin and placed in the center of a smooth green of very level turf. His object is to get the ball into this hole with as few strokes as possible. There are a number of these holes; sometimes seven, sometimes nine, but properly eighteen, placed at distances varying from two hundred to five hundred yards, and returning in a more or less circuitous course to the original teeing ground from which the start was made.

The player is provided with a number of clubs adapted to the various positions in which the ball may fall, and from which it must be driven. The principal are three. The "driver" is a club with a thick wooden foot strengthened with horn. With this the ball is struck from the tee. The "brassy" is a wooden club, much like the driver, varying only in being a little lighter and more flexible, and is soled with brass. This club is used to drive the ball through the green. It may be used only when the ball lies smoothly without obstructions or uneven indentations or hillocks of earth, and can be sent off freely. The brass soling protects the club in its contact with the ground.

The third club in the list is called a "cleek." It has an iron face put on nearly at right angles to the wooden handle, slightly turned back, and is the club which women will find of most use.

The ball can be driven off the tee with this club, and it can be used, except in the case of "lofting" shots and in bunkers, almost exclusively through the green. The "lofter" is very like the cleek, only that the face is much turned back. It is intended, as the name indicates, to lift the ball up over ditches, streams or bunkers, and particularly in what is called approach shots, where the intention is to send the ball a limited distance and then have it drop dead as near the hole as possible. An accurately gauged distance may be managed best with these shots. The "niblick" is like a spoon of thick iron, intended to extract the ball from bunkers and cuppy lies. The "mashie," a very useful club, is a cross between a niblick and a lofter, and is very effective in lofting balls out of dangerous places. The "putter," used for sending the ball into the hole after it has been lofted upon the green, is a smooth-faced iron club, heavy and straight, the face at exact right angles to the handle. It must be held firmly in the hands while the wrists remain flexible, and swung smoothly back and forth like a pendulum. There are also many varieties of clubs, which are modifications of the above, to suit individual tastes.

As to the position to be taken in driving, a few directions may be permissible to those who have not the good fortune to be able to take lessons. In taking your place upon the teeing ground, stand so



"PUTTING."

that the ball is midway between your feet, and at a sufficient distance from the line on which you stand. The end of the club, when the head touches the ball, should fall just inside the left knee. Grasp the club in your both hands, firmly with the left, lightly with the right. Stand at right angles to the line in which you wish your ball to go, swing your club back over your right shoulder, moving your body as a pivot, and lifting the left heel so that you stand poised upon your right foot and the toe of your left. Let the club move in a line as nearly on the arc of a circle as possible, and sweep the ball away. You must convert your body into a machine, and your stick must become a pendulum attached to this machine. Take your position with care and according to directions and do not vary it; do not be surprised or discouraged if in the first instance the ball does not fly into the air and over the hills, as you dreamed it would. Practise patiently and skill will come. "Keep your eye on the ball" is the eternal chant of every teacher. Not on top of the ball, but on the side where you expect your club to hit; the club will follow your eye. Use this same swing, modified, for your iron shots and the brassy shots upon the green. When you are approaching the hole use, according to the distance, a three-quarter or a half shot. The positions for these shots are illustrated here through the courtesy of Mrs. Willie Dunn, whose husband is the well-known expert of the

Ardsey (Westchester County) Country Club.

Putting is comparatively easy to most women. In this they will get the better of their masculine opponents, and may make up for their deficiency in driving, but science in play does not come in a day. There are innumerable intricacies to be studied in the use of the different clubs, and there is discouragement about the game which, as an old Scotchman said, "is always fechtin' against you." But there is also and always exhilaration; hope never deserts the golfer. At each stroke, no matter how many years of hopeless duffer play lie behind us, we still believe that we shall send the ball skimming triumphantly into the air. This hope takes us with curiously irresistible force over miles of hills and sand-dunes which we would otherwise never dream of traversing, and we return, after long hours in the open air, our lungs filled with ozone, and a day of innocent and healthful occupation behind us.

The possibility of companionship with husband, brother or friend is an important and a luring reward for the practice of the game, even did not ample joy result from playing it. The name golf "widow," once a term of misfortune, need now be



MRS. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

only that of reproach. But it behooves us always to be modest and self-effacing, if we wish to play upon the links which are allotted to the men and forsake the humble and unambitious course laid out for us.

Many who hold that golf is not a pastime but a serious profession, believe that undue indulgence in conversation or such like vivaciousness should be rigorously frowned down. Each stroke must be considered with equal care, and even when one has attained to the best game within our power, the closest attention is still imperative. The rewards are for those who have the courage to win them. The field is open to us, and this new life of vigorous and healthy exercise is ours if we will but embrace it. It must be said that there is no lack of promise that these opportunities will be taken advantage of to the fullest.

There is the greatest benefit to be derived from watching the play of a champion golfer. Take, for instance, Mr. Charles McDonald, whose recent successes have made him champion of America. He plays a most inspiring game. He played as a boy at St. Andrew's, in Scotland, and renewed the practice of it here in America, within the last three years. His play is dashing and beautifully easy. He does not try too hard. This is the danger for most amateurs, who forget that the motion to be acquired is an even swing, which in its course sweeps the ball away. Mr. McDonald's playing, when he is not off his game, a calamity which sometimes happens to all devotees of golf, is also very accurate. His approach shots drop upon the green with delightful regularity

and accuracy; his putting shots are as sure as if he were playing champion billiards instead of champion golf. He does not stand long over his ball, nor annoy his spectators with unnecessary and elaborate addressing. He walks up to the ball like the champion he is, gives one keen look at it, swings his club as if he liked the operation better than anything in the world, and away goes the ball, sailing over the hills of his favorite Wheaton, two hundred yards or more.

Mr. Andrew Lang considers the excitement of seeing a golf ball fly off the tee in a triumphant long drive as one of the few most exhilarating sensations that life can afford.

With few exceptions, women do not excel in driving; but there is no reason why they may not play the iron clubs as well as men, and it is indubitable that they may excel in putting, and thus make up on the putting green what they have lost by an inferior drive.

And there is much sport to be got out of



THE FINISH OF THE DRIVE OVER THE CHASM.



USING THE BRASSY.

foursome play, where a man and a woman play against another pair, alternating strokes. In this way a very even and interesting match may be played. A game which will bring weak and idle women off their couches, and by its fascination carry them over miles of hills and meadows, among the sunbeams and breezes, should be considered in the light of a great blessing to humanity. Its rewards are for women as well as for men, for all ages and conditions, irrespective of rank or of wealth; a real game for America--democratic and free.

The share which women have taken in the rapid development of golf in America, has been by no means inconsiderable.

On all the links in the country women have played with both frequency and enthusiasm, and in two cases women have founded and carried on clubs of their own. The Morristown Club, one of the oldest and best organized of them all, was founded and is carried on exclusively by women.

The links at St. Andrew's, in Yonkers, are the oldest in this country, having been founded in 1888. The links at Shinnecock, L. I., founded in 1890, come next.

In 1891, small links were laid out in Lake Forest, by Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, and the next year a larger course at Belmont, also near Chicago, which was soon followed by that at Wheaton,

one of the largest courses in this country, and beautifully laid out over the rolling open prairie.

In the year 1895, a larger course of links was laid in Lake Forest, and a regular golf club established.

The golf club lately started under the leadership of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, has purchased a large and beautiful house, which has been called the Onwenteia Club, and has laid out with much care and expense a very attractive set of links.

The links at Newport, although only in existence two years, are important ones, having a beautiful club-house and an interesting course upon which much money has been expended.

The Shinnecock links are possibly the ideal course, being laid out over furzy hills within sight of the ocean, very rich in sand-bunkers and hazards, and having the legitimate eighteen holes. A number of splendid golfers have been developed here, and it was here that the first celebrated professional match between Willie Campbell and Willie Dunn was played.

The Tuxedo links are a very sporty course, made dangerous by gullies and high hills.

The course at Meadowbrook is long, difficult, and very interesting.

The Essex County and Myopia Club



links are important courses near Boston, where a number of excellent players have been developed.

These are the most important links, but there is an ever-increasing number. Every day one hears of new courses being laid out by the Hudson, by the sea, inland—in every spot where there is country life, and in places most accessible to the cities.

The links at Morristown, which are managed by women, are a very fair course, being laid out over rolling, uneven ground, and possessing the full number of eighteen holes. The holes are rather short, varying from one hundred to three hundred yards. The membership which in all amounts to nearly five hundred will give some idea of the popularity of the game. Men are admitted as associate members and allowed to play over the course. Miss Nina Howland is the president of the club, Mrs. H. McK. Twombly the vice-president. Miss A. Howland Ford has won the cup offered in the ladies' tournaments on these links three times.

At the time that Miss Ford won the cup last autumn, Mr. Kipp, who presented it, announced that a one thousand dollar cup would be put up by a Scotchman,

an enthusiastic lover of golf, now a resident in this country, as a prize to be contended for on the Morristown links this season.

There is another set of links in New Jersey conducted by women, called the Orange Mountain Golf Club. This is situated near Orange and has been in existence two years.

A number of very fair players have been developed among the women, although none who approach to the really champion play which some of the men golfers of America have attained to.

Mrs. Butler Duncan, of Westchester, Miss Anna Sands, of New York, Mrs. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, of Chicago, Mrs. Charles Brown, of New York, Miss Howland Ford, of Morristown, and Miss Lila Sloane, of Lenox, may be mentioned as players of the first class, according to the present American standard. Mrs. Butler Duncan has had the advantage of three years' practice on the Westchester and Newport links. She plays in a very dashing manner, rarely using a driver. She drives with a cleek, or driving iron, and plays a wonderfully rapid and accurate game. She walks up to her ball, gives one glance at it, and sends it flying with really extraordinary accuracy and to a very fair distance.

Willie Campbell, an authority on golf, says it is a mistake to address the ball too long in playing with the iron, for the eye, according to him, becomes disturbed with the glitter of the iron and the player loses his aim. Mrs. Duncan's very successful play would seem to indicate the wisdom of such advice. Mrs. Duncan won a cup offered for women at Newport in 1894,



DRIVING.



AT THE TOP OF THE SWING FOR A DRIVE.



and this year played the Newport course in sixty-one, a very fair score for a woman.

Miss Anna Sands plays a very equal game with Mrs. Duncan. She is almost the only woman in America who really drives like a man. She plays in excellent form, and is a very strong and sometimes brilliant golfer. She has won a number of matches, but is apt to lose her game when the odds are against her. She belongs to a family which is celebrated for being good at games; Mr. Charles Sands having distinguished himself by playing up to the finals in the golf tournament at Newport this autumn, and Mr. W. H. Sands having many times won honors in golf at St. Andrew's and Lakewood.

Mrs. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, of Chicago, has only just begun to play golf, having only started last spring. She has developed a really beautiful game in this short time. She drives with a very free and easy swing, and very far for a woman. She is particularly good with the brassy on the green, and a very fair putter. Her iron and lofting shots still need practise, and her weakness with these makes her somewhat uneven.

Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor has done nine holes of the Wheaton links, which are the longest in America, in sixty-one. In the international tournament at Niagara she won a prize, but came in second, being

one stroke more than Miss Yeate, a Canadian, who had been an enthusiastic golfer for some years.

Mrs. Charles S. Brown is now the champion golfer among the women of America, having won the championship cup at Meadowbrook in October. She has been playing a very short time, and deserves great credit for her victory. Her score over the Meadowbrook links was sixty-three for the nine holes out, and sixty-seven in, a very fair score, considering the links, which are among the most difficult in the country—much larger than the famous ones at Musselborough and St. Andrew's in Scotland. Her game is very even and reliable, and her driving particularly good. She has been playing at Shinnecock all summer, in the company of the very good players of the Southampton Club, and under Willie Dunn's instruction.

Miss Howland Ford and Miss Lila Sloane are also very good and promising players, and Mrs. J. J. Astor, who drives particularly well, has also a fair prospect of developing a brilliant game.

Lady Margaret Scott who won the woman championship in England in 1894 and 1895, and who is undoubtedly the best player of her sex in the world, rolls up such scores as ninety-six for the full course of eighteen holes at Westward Ho. In 1893 she won the scratch medal of the Bath Ladies' Golf Club, with a record score of seventy. This is what may be really called championship play, and demonstrates that it is skill rather than enormous strength which wins at golf. It will be seen by the accompanying picture that this lady is slight and of medium height. Also, it will be remembered how very far over her shoulders she swings her driver. Her dress, as seen in the picture, is graceful, consisting of a silk blouse, wrapped about her figure, free from anything stiff in collar, belt or cuffs; a corduroy skirt, sailor-hat and heavy golfshoes. It is evident, also, that this lady wears no stays. The adoption of this form of dress must always be a matter of taste, and governed by the necessities of each figure. That it must be of advantage in the game cannot be denied.

A number of varieties in dress have been adopted. A brown cloth skirt, with



LOFTING

gaiters and knickerbockers, a blouse or shirt of flannel, silk, or any wash material to suit the weather and the season, with an easily adjustable coat like a Norfolk jacket, and a close hat of felt or straw without flowers—these are the wearable and advisable elements of a golf toilet. A golf skirt should be of heavy material, and should come to the ankles. A shorter length is both undesirable and unnecessary. A red coat as a uniform is attractive, and would look well with the linen skirts which one wears in the summer. The exigencies of the game in the mat-

ter of costume are very easy to meet, and varieties of color and material are perfectly possible and desirable.

The game is a noble one—its rewards are manifold. It gives occupation to many, and health and innocent enjoyment. It adds a means of companionship to family and to friends. It is an interesting revival from an historic past. It comes to us pregnant with memories, promissory of joy. A panacea for woes and worries both of mind and body; an unmixed blessing for which we can scarcely exaggerate our gratitude.



### TO LOVE OR TO BE LOVED?

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

WHAT is Love? Go ask the living  
Men and women everywhere,  
Who, for love, will do and dare;  
Who will die in Love's endeavor,  
Bravely, for the one heart, ever;  
They will say that Love is giving.

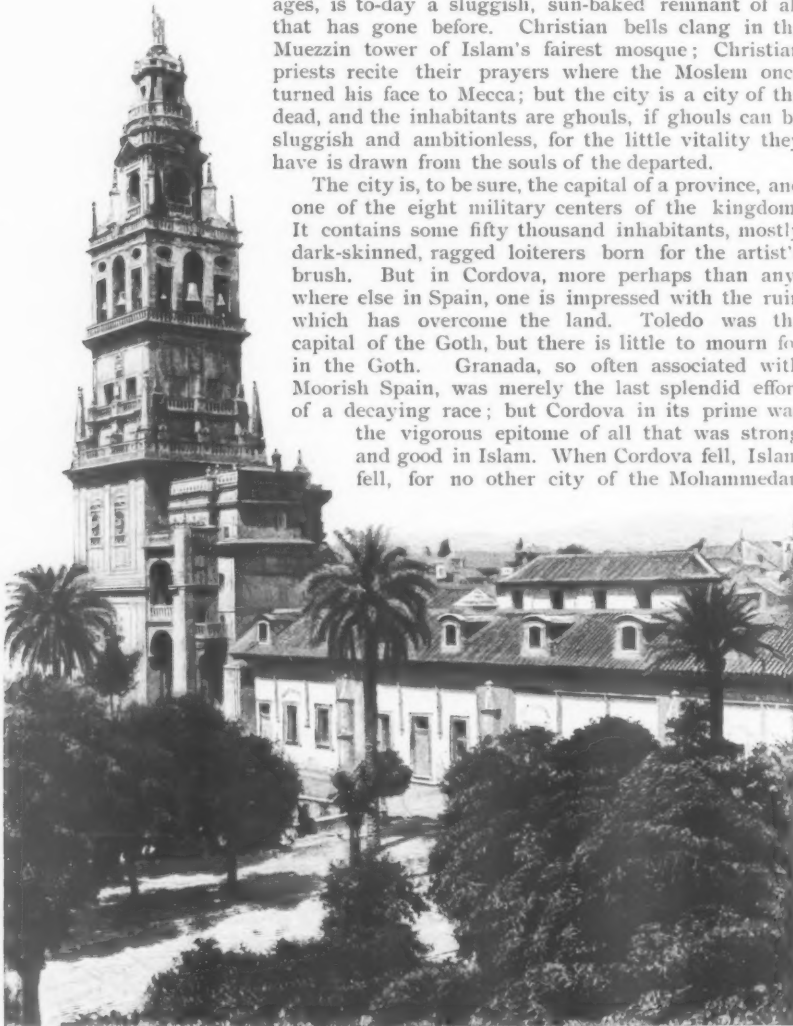
What is Love? Go ask the grieving  
Men and women everywhere,  
In the shadow of despair;  
Listless they in Love's endeavor,  
Hopeless and regretful ever;  
They will say Love is receiving.

## CORDOVA, THE CITY OF MEMORIES.

BY H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

CORDOVA the magnificent, the seat of Arab learning, the birthplace of Seneca, Lucan and Averroës, the splendid capital of the Omeyan califate, with her six hundred mosques and thousand baths, her eight hundred public schools, and library of over half a million volumes; Cordova the single shrine, where the light of learning glowed during the dark middle ages, is to-day a sluggish, sun-baked remnant of all that has gone before. Christian bells clang in the Muezzin tower of Islam's fairest mosque; Christian priests recite their prayers where the Moslem once turned his face to Mecca; but the city is a city of the dead, and the inhabitants are ghouls, if ghouls can be sluggish and ambitionless, for the little vitality they have is drawn from the souls of the departed.

The city is, to be sure, the capital of a province, and one of the eight military centers of the kingdom. It contains some fifty thousand inhabitants, mostly dark-skinned, ragged loiterers born for the artist's brush. But in Cordova, more perhaps than anywhere else in Spain, one is impressed with the ruin which has overcome the land. Toledo was the capital of the Goth, but there is little to mourn for in the Goth. Granada, so often associated with Moorish Spain, was merely the last splendid effort of a decaying race; but Cordova in its prime was the vigorous epitome of all that was strong and good in Islam. When Cordova fell, Islam fell, for no other city of the Mohammedan



TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL.



CORDOVAN MILKMAN.

world has ever attained the intellectual standard set by this capital of the Omeian califs.

What was once the mosque of Cordova is one of the marvels of the world, the city one of its mockeries. One might dismiss the town with a word were it not that in spite of its dirt and slothfulness it is, in a certain sense, fascinating. One enjoys wandering through the narrow, tortuous streets, with their low white-washed houses and dingy little shops, where the cobbler or the coppersmith is at work—shops that are a relic of Moorish days, for they are but the booths of an Oriental bazaar, Christianized by an occasional picture of a saint or the Virgin. There is a delight, too, in flattening oneself against a wall to let a string of meek-faced donkeys amble by, even if one falls a prey to the nearest beggar, who, taking you thus at a disadvantage, thrusts some festering wound or handless arm under your very nose. The beggars of Spain! They deserve a passing tribute, not to their filth, or their persistency, but to their courtliness, for each one if he were washed and dressed in silks and satins, and given a wand of office, might, were manners the sole requirement, fill the post of royal chamberlain.

There is a charm, however, to the streets of Cordova in spite of the beggars, which almost makes you forget the

glories of the califate. The older portion of the town presents that strange blending of the Oriental and the Occidental which is so typical of the cities of southern Spain. There are the narrow ill-paved streets, the low flat-roofed houses with their hanging balconies and white-washed walls; but instead of mosque and minaret, there is the cold, stern façade of the parish church—instead of the white burnoose of the Arab, the black robe of the priest.

There is scarcely a straight street in Cordova, and very few thoroughfares are wide enough for two carriages to pass. The plan of the city is like one of those mazes where you wander about for hours unable to find your way out, always returning to the starting point. In roaming through the old town you stumble upon many a relic of Roman or Moor, many a graceful archway with its iron grille, through which a glimpse is caught of some cool, shady patio with palms and oranges, and of a fountain plashing lazily in an alabaster basin. Here and there in the maze of streets—reminders of past greatness—are imposing façades of patrician houses with carved escutcheons



HERMITS OF CORDOVA.



TOWER OF THE EVIL DEAD.

and somber warriors of stone, standing guard in pillared niches.

Perhaps, by chance, you may extricate yourself from the network of crooked streets and enter the *Calle del Gran Capitan*, a broad, dusty boulevard lined with theaters and modern buildings. It is straight and new and, like all things new in Spain, ugly; but the Cordovan points with pride to this street and the *Paseo* beyond as an evidence of progress. The city is progressive—if a few straight streets lined with stuccoed houses and ateliers painted purple and pink, constitute progress.

There is a park, too, laid out with oppressive regularity, where the municipal band plays on Sundays, with fifteen-minute intervals between the pieces for the musicians to loiter about and smoke. Soldiers and housemaids gather there, and perhaps a carriage or two of the nobility, with an attempt at style in the form of tarnished gold lace and well-worn liveries. But you turn in disgust from this modern Cordova, and,

hailing a cab, you drive away from all such evidences of progress back to the old town, where the streets are paved with cobbles and the white Moorish houses are outlined against the blue sky. In your heart you wish that Spain might sleep on forever, the awakening is so harsh and material, so ill-suited to a land of memories.

To avoid the crooked, narrow streets, the cabman makes a circuit of the walls, past gates of *tapia* and castellated turrets, square or octagon, where the Moorish sentry once paced his weary beat. The Moor is gone, but there are barrack-yards, where Christian recruits, undersized and awkward, are drilling for the battle-fields of Cuba. It is pitiful to watch them, so ignorant, so docile, such mere boys being whipped into shape by their stern officers, and then packed off to Cuba like so many sheep.

There is a chapel in the suburbs containing an image of supposed healing powers. It is a place typical of Spanish superstition. Locks of hair, crutches,



THE BRIDGE AND MOORISH NILLS.



bandages, babies' clothes, and every conceivable emblem of the cures effected, have been hung upon the outer walls by grateful convalescents. Inside there are scores of crude paintings. Such places give one a comprehension of the power that rests in the idea of the miraculous and the seemingly hopeless superstition of the common people. But the image of the Holy Fountain is charmingly domiciled. There is a garden surrounding her chapel, with oranges and roses in abundance, and the old crone in attendance gives one a bouquet, and readily accepts a propina in exchange for her civilities.

A few minutes' drive, however, leaves the miraculous image and its chapel far behind, and you are back in the old town again, where wheeling is difficult and walking is preferable. In fact, walking is preferable nearly everywhere in Spain, for there are so many odd nooks to be explored, so many old shops to peep into, that a cab is a nuisance.

Instinctively one wanders toward the

river and over the old Roman bridge to the opposite bank, where the best view of Cordova is to be obtained. This bridge over the Guadalquivir is said by the Arab writers to have been originally erected by Octavius Caesar, but it was rebuilt by the califs of Cordova. Its sixteen arches are crumbled and moss-grown now. Instead of the tramp of Roman legions or the clatter of Arab horses, there is the patter of the feet of patient donkeys wending their way to the market stalls. The Calahorra Tower of the Moors, with its polygonal barbican and buttresses, stands guard, as it did when St. Ferdinand besieged the town, and when later the knights of Peter the Cruel were halted by that river bank. But all that is past, and Cordova is sleeping now, lulled by the rush of the river as it flows swiftly by the line of Arab mills stretching from shore to shore.

The white town beyond rises sharp against the blue sky, with its prison and its bishop's palace. The domes of its many churches and the mighty cathedral choir rise huge and ugly above the graceful walls of the Moorish mosque, lasting monuments to the shame of Christian vandals. The plain of Cordova stretches flat and barren toward the mountains of Granada, with here and there the crumbling brown walls of a Moorish watch-tower. Beyond the town, to the west, is the line of blue hills where the nobility have their gardens and their villas.

There is little more of the town that is worth seeing, unless it be the Alcazar, or calif's palace. Its remains are now a prison, where some three hundred poor wretches loll in idleness about the courts, supervised by sentries standing on moss-grown towers. The gardens beyond, where the Moorish kings wandered with their harem



HOME OF THE PIOUS.





FOUNTAIN IN THE COURT OF ORANGE TREES.

favorites, are rank with weeds; a few basins of sluggish water remain to mark the ancient baths, but the Alcazar of the Omeyan califs is little more than a memory.

The one point of surpassing interest in Cordova is the great mosque of Abd-er-Rahman I., the Mecca of the West, with its mihrab, or holy of holies, equivalent in the eyes of the ancient Moslem pilgrim to the Kaaba of the prophet at Mecca. This mosque is said to be the most perfect example of Moorish religious architecture in existence. It was built in the most powerful period of Mohammedan rule, and is typical of its builders. Its style, unlike the Alhambra, is simple but vigorous, while its proportions are grand. There is none of the effeminate minuteness and delicate almost lace-like stucco-work, so redolent of dark-eyed beauties and soft perfumes found in the latter grenadine work. On the contrary, the mosque of Cordova is severe, massive, vast, with simple curves and impressive vistas. One is bewildered by the seemingly interminable forest of pillars spanned by countless arches. What the

interior must have been when the roof was glistening with vivid colors, and thousands of gold and silver lamps—its arches studded with emeralds and rubies—is beyond conception. Now the rude white-wash brush has marred the delicate walls, and a Christian choir, magnificent to be sure, but destroying the simplicity of the plan, has been reared in the center of the edifice.

But the mihrab, or sanctuary, of the Moslem, gives one an impression of the former glories of this mosque. The walls form a heptagon, the pavement is of marble, and the shell-shaped roof, also of marble, is hewn from a single block; the walls are decorated with three lobed arches resting on marble pillarets, and the mosaic ornamentation of the cupola, the work of Greek artists from Constantinople, surpasses the finest examples of Byzantine art in Italy or the East. The flint glass and metals of this work have the appearance of velvet and gold brocade. It was in the mihrab that the unparalleled pulpit of Al-Hakem II. was kept. It was of ivory and precious woods and stones, fastened with gold and



*By courtesy of the Soule Photo. Co., Boston.*  
PORTE DES CHANOINES.

silver nails. It contained the Koran made by Othman and stained with his blood. A box covered with gold tissue and embroidered with pearls enclosed the precious relic. But the feet of Moslem pilgrims no longer tread the pavement of this shrine: Christian incense burns before the high altar, and Latin chants echo from the choir.

When St. Ferdinand the Conqueror entered the captured city of Cordova, his first act was to purify the mosque and dedicate it to the Virgin. Several chapels and altars were added. But it was not until later, in 1521, that the great transept and choir were begun. This latter work was designed by Hernan Ruiz, and finished by his son, Diego de Praves. It is in style Morisco, Gothic and plateresque. The high chapel and the choir form a cathedral in themselves, but the huge retablo of bronze and jasper, and the sixty-three choir stalls, minutely carved from mahogany, by Pedro Cornejo, though unexcelled, are ill-suited to Moorish surroundings.

This work is merely a conventional cathedral reared in the center of the grandest of modern edifices by prelates who felt that in Christianizing the great

mosque they were glorifying God. It was an act of the sixteenth century, but even in those days there were protests against this desecration. The municipal corporation, with a judgment rare in such bodies, cried out against those who proposed such a profanation; but, as it proved, to no purpose, for the emperor, Charles V., unacquainted with the nature of the work contemplated, gave his acquiescence. Charles lived to regret the vandalism he had permitted, for on passing through Cordova a few years later he reproved the chapter by exclaiming: "You have built here what you or any one might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world."

An open court is the essential feature of Andalusian architecture, and even the mosque is not without its patio. Said Ben Ayub added the Patio de Los Naranjos (Court of the Orange Trees) to the mosque of Cordova in 937, and its rows of trees originally corresponded with the lines of columns in the mosque.

One likes to tarry there under the shade of the Moorish walls and watch the groups of idlers loitering about the old stone fountain. The scene is so semi-Moorish, so characteristic of southern Spain. Dark-haired girls wrapped in the bright-colored shawls, so dear to the Andalusian, lean upon their earthen water-jars and gossip; bright-eyed urchins play in the listless way of Spain, and beggars loll picturesquely in the sun, while the water trickles into the moss-grown basin, and the wind sighs through the leaves of palms and orange trees. It is a place to while the hours away in sweet idleness and dream of the departed glories of Cordova the great, the most luxurious, the most civilized and intellectual city of medieval Europe.

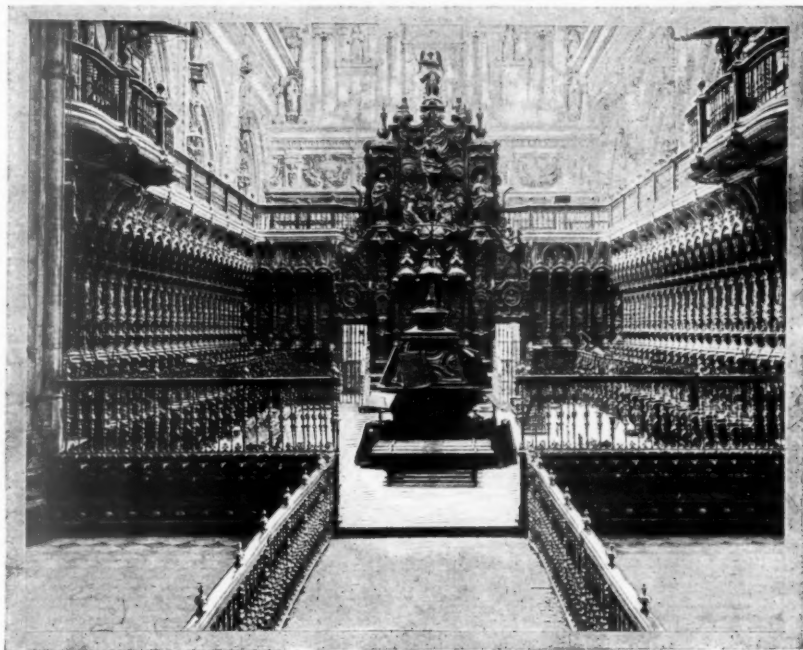
An Arab poet has written on Cordova the following distich: "Do not talk of the court of Bagdad and its glittering magnificence, do not praise Persia and China and their manifold advantages; for there is no spot on earth like Cordova, nor in the whole world men like the Beni Hamdin."

One believes in the truthfulness of this poet when one reads what the old Moorish authorities say of Cordova in the days of

its glory. The city was at one time ten miles in length, all lighted, at night, by lamps. The walls around the Alcazar of the calif were two leagues and three-quarters long, the city was divided into five large districts separated from one another by high and well-fortified walls, while the suburbs are said to have been twenty-one in number, each provided with mosques, markets and baths. The traveler in advance of arrival had some foretaste of the luxury awaiting him, for manzils, or rest houses, were provided on

palace built over the Guadalquivir on arches, and a palace called Dimashk, of which a poet said :

"All palaces in the world are nothing when compared to that of Dimashk, for not only has it gardens filled with the most delicious fruits and sweet-smelling flowers, beautiful prospects, and limped running waters, clouds fragrant with aromatic dew, and lofty buildings, but its earth is always perfumed, for morning pours on it her gray amber and night her black musk." Oriental extravagance,



THE CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

the principal highways, for the gratuitous entertainment of wayfarers.

The gates of Cordova were seven in number, and in the midst of the city stood the Kassabah, or citadel. But all the edifices were not of a warlike nature, for the calif had his palace of contentment, his palace of flowers, his palace of lovers, and fairest of all, his palace of Damascus. The humble Moslem spent his leisure hours in the Golden Meadow, the Garden of the Waterwheel, or the Meadow of Murmuring Waters. Without the city was a

to be sure, but extravagant only in metaphor.

More marvelous even than Cordova was the suburb and palace of Az-Zahra. During a period of twenty-five years, one-third of the revenues of the state were devoted to the building of this royal whim by Abd-er-Rahman the Great, and for fifteen years more the work was continued by his son. But not a vestige of this marvelous creation remains, not one stone upon another to mark the site of a fairy edifice, of which it was said that no



KING CHARLES'S WELL.

halls were paved with marble laid in a thousand varied patterns, the cedar ceilings were ornamented with gilding on azure ground and with damask work and interlacing designs, while the surrounding gardens were filled with marble fountains and kiosks, where the sultanas passed their idle hours or waited for their lords.

The greatest triumph of Cordova, however, was not in its palaces and mosques, but in its learning and liberality. At a time when the rest of Europe was steeped in ignorance and superstition, the arts, philosophy and literature, medicine, surgery and chemistry flourished at the capital of the Omeyan califs. When the Christian world was hardened against the heathen, Christian worship was tolerated and even encouraged by the Moorish rulers. Christian Spain never attained that preëminence in learning and that liberality which distinguished Moorish Cordova. The califs encouraged writers and men of science, and the researches of Heshâm, the munificence of Abd-er-Rahman, the well-endowed universities of Moorish Spain made Cordova the resort of students and philosophers. Learning thrived there even during the blackest moments of ignorance and religious oppression in Christian Spain.

Not more than fifty years after Hildebrand triumphed at Canossa, Abûl-Walid Mohammed Ibn-Ahmed Ibn-Mohammed

words could paint the magnificence. The enclosing wall was four thousand feet in length, from east to west, and two thousand two hundred from north to south. Four thousand three hundred columns of rarest marble from Africa, Rome and Constantinople supported the roof of this palace. The

Ibn-Roshd was born at Cordova. This man, known to the European world as Averroës, the preserver of Aristotle, was but one among many learned men in the schools of Cordova. He enjoyed but little reputation among his compeers save as a clever physician, for he founded no school in Islam, and his fame is due to the Christian doctors who discussed and misunderstood his commentaries, rather than to his fellow countrymen.

The works of Averroës had the misfortune, or good luck, to incur the deadly hatred of the followers of the Spanish Dominic, and thus the Arab student stands before the world as the greatest doctor and most learned philosopher of Moorish Spain; a prophet not without honor save in his own country, while the names of Abubacer, Avenzoar, and the scores of other philosophers, scientists and poets who made the name of Cordova great, have been forgotten. Even the fame of Avenpace would have perished had not the great Averroës criticized his philosophy.

There is a hermitage in the hills beyond Cordova of ascetic monks where the tonsured, barefooted brothers, some fifteen in number, follow the austere rules of St. Paul the hermit. The view from their retreat is one to be remembered.



By courtesy of the Soule Photo. Co., Boston.  
GATE OF ALMODOVAR.

Below is the flat, treeless plain of Cordova, with the silvery river and the white city glinting in the sunlight, and beyond, the snow-capped mountains of the Sierra Nevada are outlined against the blue sky. Stretched beneath an olive-tree, one gazes at the charming panorama, and with a mind filled with pictures of a past grandeur, wonders at the mutability of all worldly things. Cor-

dova the great is merely a memory. The Moorish civilization is gone, and the Spanish power which succeeded has waned. The spirit of intolerance grows fainter and fainter now, and the world heeds it less. Perhaps it will soon be hushed forever, and with its silence a new era will begin for Spain, an era of liberty, prosperity and enlightenment.



*By courtesy of the Soule Photo. Co., Boston.*

## HE WHISTLED AS HE WENT.

BY DALLETT FUGUET.

He went so blithely on the way  
Which people call the Road of Life,  
That good folks who had stopped to pray,  
Shaking their heads, would look, and say  
It was not right to be so gay  
Upon that weary road of strife!

He whistled as he went, and still  
He bore the young where streams were deep  
And helped the feeble up the hill.  
He seemed to go with heart a-thrill,  
Careless of deed, and wild of will:—  
He whistled that he might not weep.

## A DAUGHTER OF FOLLY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

### PROLOGUE.

"Grey sky, brown waters, as a bird that flies  
My heart flits forth to these;  
Back to the winter rose of northern skies,  
Back to the northern seas.  
And lo! the long waves of the ocean beat  
Below the Münster grey:  
Caverns and chapels worn of saintly feet,  
And knees of them that pray."

### I.

A TRAVELER may go from Galloway to Shetland, he may loiter through the Lowlands, and visit every Highland ben and corrie; but unless he knows the "East Neuk o' Fife," he knows little of Scotch humanity. And this is especially true of the old gray town of St. Andrew's, and of the fishing villages among the sand-hills, and the beetling cliffs northward of the Eden, and south by Kinkell and Balcomie to Fife Ness. St. Andrew's is indeed the essence of all the antiquity of Scotland, and the national flavor may be felt and tasted in its stately streets, with their spiritual traditions and romances, and their dignified air of bishops and archbishops and learned professors. And oh, how the fresh salt winds and the foam flakes come driving through them from the great North Sea!

One afternoon when the wind blew sharp from Norway, a group of four students stood near St. Mary's College. The stiff breeze tossed their scarlet gowns about, and made a pretty bit of wavering color in the gray place. They were talking of the links, and their hearts turning there, when Logie Kennedy said:

"The temptations of golf are just awful. On the links you cannot keep your tongue from evil speaking, cursing, and the like o' it. I am going to watch for Jessy Lauder. She'll be coming anon with her Finnan haddies. Ah, here she is! The lassie is a very vision!"

As he spoke, all turned to watch the girl coming with a quick step toward them. The broken sky (blowing up for rain) made a fine background for her gay striped fisher-gown and her bright blue

kerchief. But Jessy was herself all color and beauty and strength. Her laughing eyes radiated light, and her rosy lips had a smile that might have moved mountains. Her face was very handsome, and set in a frame of reddish-brown hair, which waved and rippled round her brow and temples. She was tall, and walked finely, though on her left shoulder there was a basket of fish, which her left hand, slightly raised, supported.

When she saw the youths, a vivid flush brightened her cheeks, and she sang out in a voice toned like an instrument of music, "Finnan haddies! Finnan haddies!" The shrill, sweet call, with its rising inflection on the last word, filled the air, and Kennedy caught it on his tongue and repeated it. Before he had well started the cry, his companions joined him, and as soon as they were still, Jessy Lauder's clear voice again challenged the young men to echo it. So down the broad spaces of South street they went for a hundred yards or more; then a door opened, and a voice called sharply:

"I want a feesh, Jessy Lauder. Come here, ye hizzy!"

Jessy set her basket on the door-step, and held up one of her brown beauties. As she did so, the youths passed her with a smile, and took the way to the links, and the woman looking at the fish said:

"I hae been hearin' about ye and the lad Kennedy; but this is no carried tale, Jessy. This afternoon I hae seen wi' my ain e'en, your folly."

"Are ye wantin' a feesh, Lizzie?"

"Not I! I am wantin' to bid ye tak' tent o' yoursel'."

"Ye may keep your wisdom for your ain need, Lizzie. And pray, what wrang hae ye heard o' me? And wha said wrang? Tell me that."

"I heard o' it, just by the cry o' a passing bird, as it were. I canna tell ye 'wha' or 'what.' But there's trouble ahead, if ye dinna let that Kennedy lad alane. His father—wha is dead and damned—pre-serve us! that's an actionable speech I





*Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.*

"JESSY SET HER BASKET ON THE DOOR-STEP, AND HELD UP ONE OF HER BROWN BEAUTIES."

fear—weel, his father was a perfect roar-in' lion amang the lassies; going aboot seeking which o' them he could devour. Logie isna a bit better, if I read the lad right."

Jessy looked at her adviser straight in the face as a hawk looks, and then said: "Weel, Lizzie, I can guide my ain boat. It isna Logie Kennedy that can coup her."

"And you'll just mind, that ye are all the same as marriet on Rule McKenzie. Rule is a fine young man, and a nephew o' my ain."

"Logie is a fine young man, too."

"Fegs! A good girl will keep clear o' that fine young man. I'm givin' ye the best o' advice, Jessy."

"Thank ye for naething, Lizzie. If I could mak' your advice into silk gowns, I wad be weel clad. Dinna fash your head or heart anent my affairs;" and with an angry laugh, she lifted her basket and went toward the harbor, crying, "Finnan haddies!" with a sharp iteration that brought women to their windows, and made men on the street turn in their walk, or pause in their talk, to look at her.

"She's fairly going to the mischief," thought Lizzie, as she shut the door noisily, to emphasize her thought. "I'll hae to speak to her mither, or Rule." Na, na! Rule wouldna believe wrang o' the lass if an angel was sent special to tell him. But what for will I fash mysel'? Lassies will tak' their ain way, and I'll get naething but trouble, if I part—take, either with or against."

To such thoughts Lizzie filled her kettle and set her tea-table, while Jessy was walking with rapid steps to her mother's cottage on the sea-shore. She had ceased to cry her fish, as she neared the fishers' quarter, and her quick walk and clouded face was but the outer evidence of the storm of anger within her heart. There was a wet, driving wind by this time, and she shook her shawl and petticoat free of the raindrops ere she went into the cottage. Its main room was glowing with firelight, and its wooden floor and deal table and chairs were scrubbed with soap and oatmeal, until they had the polish and color of ivory. Janet Lauder was broiling the fish; the tea-kettle was simmering on the hob; the table held the two gaily-colored

tea-cups and plates, which were Mistress Lauder's pride; and she turned, with the gridiron in her hand, to say:

"Ye come in good time, Jessy, my bairn. Tea is just ready." Then she noticed the gloom and anger on her girl's face, and she asked, "What at all is the matter wi' ye, Jessy?"

"Matter enou', mither. Lizzie McKenzie stopped me on the vera planestanes o' South street, aboot a lad called Logie Kennedy. If a man looks at a bonnie lass, Lizzie has the ill thought o' it. Naething but wrang can come o' it, by her say so. I fairly hate the woman!"

"She's Rule's aunt; and ye canna marry a lad, and hate his aunt. She is in the family, as it were, Jessy; and she has a right to speak to ye."

"She hasna the sign o' a right. I'll fling the hale clan o' the McKenzies to the wind, ere I'll be flyted and fuffed by the like o' them! If a lass is bonnie, the men will look at her. Shame to them, if they dinna! I ken that I canna walk South street, but the college lads will smile at me, and the stranger men, too—there was ane made a pictur' o' me this summer, and plenty mair wanted to—and a lass isna responsible for the silliness o' men folks, I do hope."

"Ye are a promised lass, Jessy, and Rule McKenzie is a' the same as your ain man. There's nane o' the collegers or strangers that thought ye bonnie enou' or good enou' to mak' a wife o'. Weel, then, if I was ye, I would hold mysel' too good to be winked at and blinked at by any o' them."

"A cat may look at a king, mither; and a lad may look at a bonnie lass, and nae harm done, I think."

"I wouldna tak' my aith on that. Sae many lads looking at ye, Jessy, hae made ye think Rule a bit below ye. That is a' pure nonsense! Ye are bonnie the noo, but I was as bonnie twenty years syne; and Lizzie McKenzie a good bit bonnier."

"I'm dooting it. Naebody put Lizzie in a pictur'. And some one was tellin' me that my pictur' had been made a show of, and the hale o' London city just daft, running to see it, and talking o' the beauty o' it."

"Some one telt ye a big lee; nae doot o' it! Whatna for would folk run to see

a painted sea, and a painted boat, and a painted lass, wi' the real sea, and boats, and lassies afore their vera e'en? They wad be mortal idiots if they did!"

"Ony way, Lizzie has a braw house o' her ain. I wonder will she leave it to Rule. She has nae baijns to hold it."

"Lizzie comes o' lang-livers; she may bide in her house forty years, and mair. It is ill waiting for dead men's shoes; and Rule will build ye a house o' your ain. He's doing weel, and has a hantle o' dry siller put by for it."

"Doing weel, is he? He has naething, but what he mak's wi' his twa hands."

"He has his boat, and God Almighty's braid sea; and the sea from hereabouts to Buddon Ness is just the best farm in Fife. I can tell ye that, Jessy Lauder. He was here an hour syne."

"What for, I wonder?"

"To tell ye he was going to the deep-sea fishing wi' Willie Ged and Darsie Kilgour to-night."

"I telt him he was to be here and tak' me to the Bible-class; and then he gaes wi' Willie Ged to the deep-sea fishing. That is a nice way to coort a lass. Ah, weel! I can gae my lane. There will be plenty fain to convoy me hame again."

"Listen to me, Jessy. Ye arena to walk wi' any ither lad but Rule. Bide at hame to-night. Folks will talk, and anon there will be mischief if they tell Rule."

"Let them tell Rule. He wouldna believe them; and sae they needna tell him."

"Ony way, dinna go oot the night. Aunt Lizzie was flyting about some strange lad, and he isna a gude lad, if breed and town talk be worth aught. Let him alane."

"I'm no fashing mysel' wi' him; but I am going to the Bible-class. I'll not miss it for the like o' him."

"Weel, weel, your way be it. But my way is the wise way and the right way; and ye needna look as if there was twa ways in the matter."

"I'll tak' my ain way this night, mither. I can mak' oot right weel." As she spoke, she rose from the table, went to the door of the cottage, and threw it open. "The rain is o'er by," she added; "the north wind has come down wi' the tide, and there's stars in

the lift; sae I'll put on my kirk dress and hat, I think."

Then the mother washed up the tea-cups, while Jessy dressed herself in a dark cloth gown and a felt hat with an eagle's feather clasped to it with a silver thistle. She was very proud of this hat, and she loosened the coils of her bright hair and set it jauntily above them, singing as she did so in a kind of wilful bravado:

"Saw ye Bonnie Leslie,  
As she went o'er the border;  
She's gane like Alexander,  
To spread her conquests further."

Mrs. Lauder took no notice of the song. She had an instinct of reserve; and as soon as her tea-cups had been hung on the rack, she drew a cutty stool to the hearth and sat down. Her elbows were on her knees; her face in her hands; and it was a face full of troubled speculation. Ere she left the cottage, Jessy came and stood a moment on the hearthstone by her. She was radiantly conscious of her beauty, and her smile and attitude asked for her mother's recognition of it. But Janet did not give her any compliment.

"Ye should hae worn your petticoat and shawl," she said. "They are mair weather-like; forbye ye look bonnier in them. But if ye are going to your Bible-class, ye havna your book wi' ye."

"I maist forgot the book;" and a little dashed, Jessy went to her kist and took it out; and then with a less pronounced egotism left the cottage. "She has His law in her hands," whispered the mother to herself; "and surely it will be a guide to her feet." The night was black and cold, and the streets of the city but dimly lit, yet Jessy knew every step of the road to the old kirk, as well as she knew her own home; and she walked quickly and confidently forward. When she was but a little way from the kirk, some one stepped from a "close," or yard, and put his arm through her arm, and said softly: "Jessy, my bonnie darling, where are you going your lane, this dark night? Can I go with you?"

She laughed, and let her arm fall downward. "I am going to my Bible-class, Maister Kennedy, and ye may go wi' me. I am vera sure Deacon Kilmont will be gey and glad to see ye there."

"You'll not 'Maister' me, Jessy Lau-

der. Call me Logie, as the rest of people do. I would dance with pleasure just to hear the word from your bonnie mouth. It would be the next good thing to kissing it—but that is a joy far beyond hoping for."

"I should think sae, indeed! I'm a promised wife to Rule McKenzie. You'll be knowing Rule? Maist folk know Rule McKenzie."

"Buff on Rule McKenzie! Big as he is, I would thrash him for a copper penny."

"If ye could."

"Well, then, I am no David, if he is Goliath. And if you have not the sling and the stone, it is no shame to keep out of the way of the giant. I wonder you are not afraid of him."

"Me feared! My certie! Rule is naething but a mouse when I am near by. I can send him here and there, and to the back o' beyont, wi' a word or a look. That is because he loves me. Rule is furious fond of me."

"He knows nothing of love. He cannot love you as I do. It is easy talking of love; the question is, what will he do for love of you? Now, I will give up everything in the world for you, Jessy. I will leave college, and home, and my one dear sister Christine, and go away to India or Australia, if you will go with me."

They were at the lamp-post by the kirk door, but it was past time, and the door was shut; and Jessy stood in the light a minute, while Logie pressed his suit with all the ardent passion of his race and age. And though she shook her head, and would not give him a word of hope, he was not by any means discouraged. Jessy's eyes had the dangerous gift of speech, and her very lingering endorsed all they said.

Then she stole quietly into the kirk, but got an angry look from the deacon for disturbing the class, and afterwards a severe rebuke for her ignorance of the lesson. But how could she remember? Kennedy's black eyes were troubling her heart, and his voice, like the music of some unknown world, was playing in her ears. Two of the fisher girls joined her as she came out, and she could not escape their company, yet she was sure that Kennedy was following; and when she

reached her own home, he stood at the back of the cottage, "waiting," he explained, "to bid her good-night." She was touched by his attention, and partly because she feared to make a noise, and so bring her mother out, and partly because she liked the taste of the sin, the kiss Kennedy had hardly hoped for an hour previous, he now took with very little opposition.

Still she went into the house with a sense of shame, which she hid under an assumed depression of spirits, and her mother asked impatiently, "Whatever is the matter noo, Jessy? Ye're aye either singing or sighing. I wish ye wad be douce-like and steady, like ither lassies. I hope ye havna lost your Bible, I dinna see the book wi' ye."

"I was that put oot, I left it in the kirk; and nae wonder!"

"Wha put ye oot this time?"

"Wha, but the deacon himsel'! Oor clock must be wrang, for the kirk door was shut when I won there; and ye wad think I had broken into the bank, the way he lookit at me when I cam' in ever sae quiet-like. And I was that flustered wi' the e'en set on me, that I couldna answer my questions; and then the deacon telt me, he would name me oot in the kirk, name and surname, if I didna learn them better."

"Keep and guide us, lassie! The man never said the like o' that?"

"Ay, he said them vera words."

"Then I'll gie him twa or three lines o' my mind the morn. A puir-hearted, nabal earthworm o' a miser like Deacon Kilmont, to mak' ye a monument to the hale parish! I'll tell him to stick to his text in his ain family; they need it, or it cheats me."

Janet's anger was very sincere, and the two women talked themselves into good accord over the insult offered to Jessy's biblical scholarship; for there is nothing so conducive to household harmony as some outsider on whom every one can safely vent their ill temper. In the morning there was no further opportunity to discuss the deacon. When Jessy awakened she found herself alone. Janet had gone to the pier for fresh fish, and was doubtless at that moment selling them in the streets of St. Andrew's. So Jessy began to redd up the house and prepare

breakfast. She was in a good humor at being spared the hard, cold part of their daily labor; for she loved comfort, and the early mornings were now cold; and she liked to take care of her beauty, and the frosty sea air and keen wind was not good for her complexion, while the handling of the frozen fish made her hands red and sore.

"I'm glad mither has gane wi' the feesh," she said to herself, as she went about the house. "I dinna mind the wark in the summer-time—there's aye folk—stranger folk—to mak' it pleasant; but it's dree hard in the winter." So she was glad to be relieved of it, though it would be too much to say she was grateful.

Janet returned with an empty creel and a full purse, and the two women sat down in a cheerful mood to their tea and rasher and oat cake. Their first speculation concerned Rule. Janet wondered a little that he was not present; she thought he ought to have been home by the morning tide. Jessy said nothing. In the clear daylight, Logie Kennedy had lost ground; she was a little angry with him, and she resolved to atone to Rule by an extra kindness of manner. In the middle of the meal, Rule opened the cottage door. Janet half turned to greet him; Jessy rose and stepped forward, and he took her in his arms and kissed her. And at that moment she wondered how she could have thought the dapper, dandy Logie Kennedy worth a thought in comparison with the splendid-looking fisherman, whose whole love was so honestly hers.

For Rule had as much local color as the gray old city of Kilrymont itself. He was the incarnation of Fife and the North Sea,

and not aware of it. Human nature grows and spreads there, and Rule was in his fisher-boots, at least three inches above six feet. He seemed built of granite; his legs were planted slightly apart, as if hauling up anchor; while on his sea-beaten, handsome face there was written the casting of nets, the resolute fight with stormy waves, and the setting and reefing of sails to catch the changing winds. He had gray out-looking eyes—large, restful, fearless—the eyes of one accustomed to watch alone with the sea and sky. His voice was sonorous, his gesticulations simple, but withal a little grandiose; for he had nothing to do with



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"THEN SHE STOLE QUIETLY INTO THE KIRK."

the petty concerns of life; it was nature in her largest moods he served by day and night.

After breakfast he asked Jessy to take a walk with him on the sands; and as he spoke, Annie Tulloch, a neighbor lassie, came in. Now Annie loved Rule, as Rule loved Jessy, with a love that had cast out all selfishness. She looked at the happy lovers and said: "Go wi' Rule, Jessy. I'll stay and redd up the hoose and the dishes for ye, and then your mither can tak' the sleep that she is owing hersel'." Jessy was nothing loth to take Annie's offer. She put on her plaid, and walked away with Rule, and Annie, after watching them a while, went with a sigh to the work she had assumed.

The memory of the previous evening made Jessy very kind, and Rule ventured to talk of their future, as he did not always find heart to do. And she seemed pleased, and encouraged him with bewitching smiles and tender unreserves, to tell her again that he loved her more than life, and would give her gladly everything he had to give. She let him set her on the rocks and draw her close to his heart, and say with all the solemn passion of his nature:

"World's love and world's care is little, Jessy; but oh, my sweet lassie, it is a great thing to be leal and true, to the love set deep in the single-hearted, by Him that made it. And that is how I love ye, my darling! I could even gie ye up to mak' ye happy. I could gie my life to mak' your life sweeter and better."

No woman however selfish she may be can resist such noble love-making. There were tears of honest feeling in Jessy's eyes, and she snuggled closer to the great heart beating for her and for her alone. They returned to the cottage full of happiness. Janet was still sleeping, and Annie sat by the fire knitting a Guernsey, but lost in thought. She said little to Rule, but as soon as he had gone away, she turned to Jessy, and looking her straight in the face, asked:

"Are ye going to be leal to Rule from this hour forth?"

"What are ye meaning, Annie?"

"Ye ken fine what I mean. I saw ye last night wi' that Kennedy lad behint the hoose. Think shame o' yoursel' to treat a man like Rule McKenzie yon

way! If there is ony mair o' it, I'll not be quiet about it."

"Ye are jealous, Annie. Jealous folk see mair than there is to see."

"Weel, I saw ye and Logie Kennedy yestreen. The lad had the face to kiss ye, and ye let him do it. Ye canna deny it."

"I can, if I want to."

"Then ye wad tell as big a lee as ever was told."

"What for, are ye peeping and prying anent my affairs? Mind your ain. Rule is naething to ye."

"Naething!"

"Naething at a'. Rule wouldna believe your Bible word if it was against me. Sae talk as it suits ye. I'm no carin'."

"Weel, weel, Jessy Lauder; but if ye wrang Rule ye will rue it to the last day o' your life; and if ye lippen to Logie Kennedy it will be still waur for ye. I'm tellin' ye the God's truth!"

"Ye are an impudent cutty! That's what ye are. Ye can go and talk against me all ye like to. I'm not heedin'."

"That is not my way, Jessy. Ye ken weel that I am gey and good at keeping my ain counsel."

"I thought ye were my friend."

"I am your friend; your friend and Rule's friend. When ye have seen me once, ye have seen me always, or the fault will be your ain. There is naething double in Annie Tulloch."

"I meant nae wrang last night."

"Then dinna do wrang."

"Logie will follow me."

"It's your ain fault if he follows you."

"It isn't!"

"It is."

"I'll not listen to such words."

"Ye are sair needing them."

"Weel, ye are a determined creature. The vera face o' ye shows that, wi' your lang nose and big teeth."

"There's folk that think my face as bonnie as yours; but that isna the question. Mind your P's and Q's wi' Rule McKenzie, or I will ken the reason why. That is all." Then suddenly she went close to Jessy, and taking her face between her hands she kissed it, and said:

"Be gude for his sake, and for your ain sake, Jessy. I'm loving ye dearly, lassie!" and before Jessy could answer, Annie was gone.



## II.

Men never consider women in detail, and therefore they are easily deceived by them; but women do not easily deceive one another. During the winter that followed, Jessy had two tasks that required all her woman wit: one, was to meet Logie Kennedy; the other, to prevent Annie Tulloch from finding it out. For Annie kept up an unceasing vigilance: at kirk, at market, and merry-making the one girl was ever covertly watching the other. And there was no deceiving Annie; she saw things clearly, because she did not try to see far.

Still love laughs at such difficulties, and they only whetted Logie's determination, and made him more resolved to win Jessy. It was really now in his heart, the passion of the chase, added to the selfish passion of desire. He never had put anything before his own wishes, and he now gave himself up to the pursuit of the girl, and vowed he would not be circumvented by either man or woman. Destiny helped him. About the new year, Lizzie McKenzie fell ill with rheumatic fever, and Jessy saw an opportunity which Annie could not control. She offered her services to Rule's aunt, and the sick woman was grateful and glad to have the girl near her. So for some weeks Jessy was virtually mistress of the little home on South street, and Logie soon made himself master of its possibilities. Like the grander houses on the same street, it opened at the back into a garden, and this garden was full of tall shrubs, and also had a very convenient and private outlet beyond. If Jessy's evil genius had been permitted to arrange matters for the girl's destruction it could hardly have done better.

Logie had the caution of a hunter after his prey, and Jessy found in the necessary housework a hundred excuses for leaving her patient at intervals, and luring her hunter to her own ruin. No girl ever wanted a plausible excuse for such folly; and Jessy told herself that "it was wise-like and right to gie baith lads their chance; forbye," she always added, "I'm no vera sure mysel' which o' the twa I like best; and it wad be a sair pity if I marriet Rule and then found oot that I liket Logie best." For Logie had been

cunning enough to speak frankly of marriage to her. He knew the fisher girls too well to even insinuate any less honorable relationship. Rule himself did not use the sacred name of "wife" with as much frequency and fervor. The only difference was, that Rule looked forward to making her a wife among her own people; Logie insisted that they must seek a home in a strange land where the difference in their station would not bring her chagrin, and himself family quarrels and estrangement.

The two men visited her constantly: Rule with an open, serious, faithful affection; Logie with a clandestine, effusive passion that had a strong attraction by its very contradiction of all the common, unromantic details of her homely daily life. And though Annie suspected, and was "maist sure" in her own mind, she was powerless to interfere. Rule's visits were made in the afternoon, because he was engaged at night in the deep-sea fishing. Logie's visits were stolen ones, in the night season, with all the glamour of moonlight or starlight about them, or the dangerous firelit gloom of the hearth, when Lizzie was in the deep sleeps of her convalescence. And Annie heard nothing from Rule but praises of Jessy; while Lizzie was almost as infatuated as her nephew. She said that "Jessy had been that patient and clever and good to her, naething she had to leave would be enou' to pay her."

Annie heard these praises with a faith dashed with doubt. Jessy's smiling, self-satisfied face and pretty deprecations did not inspire her with confidence; but at the last she trusted to the almost ferocious egoisms of the girl. "She is that fond o' hersel', not e'en Logie Kennedy can mak' her do aught that will be like to gie her a moment's trouble."

It was nearly spring, a bask, blowy day in early April, when Jessy returned home.

Janet had become very impatient for her daughter's help and comfort again; and when she lifted the latch, and stood a moment on the sill, the motherhood in her heart leaped to her face, and she cried out joyfully:

"It's hersel', thank God!"

But the delight of reunion did not last. She saw that Jessy was either sick or unhappy before she had finished her first

cup of tea, and with the unreserve of her primitive nature, she commented at once on the circumstance.

"Ye hae lost your color, Jessy; and ye hae a troubled flyted look. Are ye sick, my lass?"

"I'm weary, mither. Lizzie was vera tiresome. The creature had nae thought but for hersel'. It was up-stairs, and down-stairs, and cook this, and cook that, and clean yon, and sort the ither; and nae sleep to speak o'. I'm tired oot, and nae wonder!"

"But she is gey and gratefu'. She'll be leavin' Rule and yoursel' all she has, nae doot."

"What's the gude o' that? Ye were saying Lizzie might live hersel' for forty years. Rule will happen to be at the bottom o' the sea by that time, and I'll be an auld woman, that siller canna pleasure."

"Ye shouldna think o' Rule in that way, Jessy."

"I dinna think o' him ony way. I hae plenty to do to think o' mysel'."

She was so captious and inclined to silence that Janet could not talk to her, and she was almost glad when the girl said "she was maist asleep, and would go to her bed." As she was undressing, Annie Tulloch came in, and she went ben the house to kiss and welcome Jessy home again. When she stooped to Jessy, her face was kind and gentle; when she lifted it, her eyes were blazing with anger. Jessy was bending forward, unlacing her shoes, and this was what Annie saw round her neck—a bit of blue ribbon with a ring and a locket on it.

"Ye fause, foolish lass!" she said in an angry whisper. "wha gave them to ye?"

Jessy was ready to cry with mortification at her forgetfulness, and she answered with passion, "Gae oot o' my room. It's nane o' your business wha gave me them."

"Was it Rule?"

"Ay, it was."

"Ye lee, ye cutty! Ye lee! Rule wadna ware his hard won siller on stone rings and lockets. You're as fause as the deil can mak' ye; I'll hae nae mair to do wi' ye."

"God be thankit for that mercy, ony way!"

This quarrel did not make Jessy happier. She needed Annie and Annie's love and

confidence. However, the thing was done, and she sought what comfort she could get in sleep. It did not apparently meet her needs. She rose cross and silent, and Janet after several efforts to bring about a pleasant conversation, became angry with the wayward girl and left her to her gloomy moping. On her return, she found Rule sitting in the cottage, but Jessy was not talking to him. She leaned out of the window, watching, perhaps, her own vagrant thoughts; for she did not seem aware of anything living or tangible.

"Jessy isna hersel'," the mother said apologetically. "I'm thinking she has had o'er much to do."

"I'm weel enou'," the girl answered, "if folk would but let me alane."

"I'll tak' mysel' awa' then, Jessy," said Rule. "I'm no the man to sit where I'm not wanted."

She did not answer, and Rule went away without a "good-by" of any kind. Jessy declared "she was o'er sick to carry feesh to market;" and yet when urged to localize her sickness answered, "she couldna do sae; it was all o'er her. She was tired; heart-tired o' life. And if she be to live, she wouldna wark for the sake o' days and nights she didna want."

"She's in love, and it isna wi' Rule," Janet at last decided. "That's plain as sunshine. Waes me! It's a black, burning sorrow, to hae your life broken to bits for some stranger man ye never saw and dinna want to see. Jessy was aye selfish, but this is the deil's ain selfishness."

All the same Jessy persisted in it. She took not the slightest interest in her daily life or in its simple duties or pleasures, even Rule was made constantly to feel her variable moods and uncertain tempers. So the unhappy days went on, until April had sown the meadows with wild flowers and all the gardens in St. Andrew's were gay with the jocund companies of daffodils.

One afternoon Rule saw Annie Tulloch standing at the door of the little shop, which was the livelihood of her mother and herself. She was looking thoughtfully over the sea, but there was something in her strong, composed face and kind, expressive eyes that tempted Rule to ask her advice.



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"HE SWAYED TO AND FRO FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN FELL LIKE A LOG TO THE FLOOR."

"Annie," he said, "I am in a sair strait anent Jessie. She is your crony; tell me what is the matter wi' the lassie. Do ye think she cares aught for me? Does she love me any langer?"

For a moment Annie resolved to tell Rule what she suspected about Logie Kennedy; and in that moment it would have been easy for her to say—"Jessie is as fause as sin to ye, Rule. Bid her let ye see the trinkams at the ribbon end round her throat." But the next moment she had a nobler resolve.

"Rule," she answered, "I canna tell ye aught anent Jessie. We had a few cross words, and she doesna speak to me these days. But if I was ye, I wouldna mind her bit tempers. They are like a bairn's—they have nae meaning in them."

"There are many days I am maist feared to speak to her."

"Ye are far wrang. Speak plain to her. Tell her ye want to begin and build your hoose, and ask her to set the wedding-day. If a lass has freets and fancies, the like o' that talk brings her to her senses."

"Thank ye, Annie. I'll do as ye bid me. It is the best o' advice, and it sorts wi' all my ain wishes."

And this day everything seemed favorable for Rule's intent. When he went into the Lauder cottage, he found that Janet had gone to see how Lizzie McKenzie was faring. At least, that was the reason she had rendered for her visit; but the deeper one was doubtless a hope that Lizzie would give her some information which would help her to tax Jessie with "the vera man she was fretting hersel' ill about." Jessie divined the intention and felt that her secret must soon be known. She was beating oat-cakes in a listless fashion when Rule entered; but she ceased altogether when he put his arm round her waist and lifted her face to his own. "I'll hae it oot wi' him this vera hour," was her thought as he kissed her, and the words Rule had come to say made it easy for her to do.

"Jessy, my dautie, I want to begin building oor hoose. I'm ready and fain to begin, and while ye kneed the cakes ye can tell me o'er again just what ye wad like best;" and he looked at the girl and smiled like a man in a happy dream.

She stood upright, and dighted the meal off her hands as she answered with a dour positiveness: "Ye'll no require to build a hoose for me, Rule. I'll never, never, be your wife! It isna possible."

At the last words her voice faltered, she sat down on a low rush chair, and covering her face with her apron began to cry bitterly. Rule was shocked, and for a few moments speechless. He trembled through every nerve and sinew. His mouth felt dry, he could not speak; but he pushed a chair roughly opposite Jessie, and taking her apron from her eyes, he looked at her until his anger snapped the spell that bound him, and he cried out in a loud voice:

"Jessy! Jessy! Ye are leeing, my lass! Ye canna mean what ye say! It's beyont believing!"

"I mean every letter o' every word o' it. Dinna be angry wi' me. I'm a vera meeserable lass, Rule."

Then he began to plead with her. His words burned, his eyes flashed, his large hands held her with a strength she could hardly bear. An eloquence undreamed of, torrents of tender words, unbidden, unchecked; tears, passionate kisses swayed the girl till she cried out in an agony of reproach:

"Why did ye never speak this kind o' way before? If ye had! Oh, if ye had, Rule! Ye would maybe hae saved me! I didna think ye cared for me in this like way!"

"I hae told ye o'er and o'er that I loved ye better than my ain life. Did ye think I was leeing to ye?"

"Na! Na! But ye never spoke this way—and it's o'er late noo!—It's o'er late noo!"

"What is it ye mean, Jessy? Hae ye been foolin' wi' ony ither lad? Ye couldna do the like o' that, Jessy. Tell me the truth. Do ye hear me? Tell me the truth."

"Ay, I will. It's best to speak plain, and get it o'er wi'. I hae anither lad—a lad I hae loved far o'er weel. I'm no a good girl, Rule—but I'm too good to marry ye—after a' that has been and gane wi' him."

Then Rule turned deadly white through all his ruddy sea-tan; he shut his eyes, and felt the world slipping away from his consciousness; he swayed to and fro

for a moment, and then fell like a log to the floor.

At that sight, Jessie forgot that she had quarreled with Annie. She flew to her like the wind. "Rule is dying!" she cried; and Annie and Annie's mother went instantly back with her.

"He's beyont himsel', but it's no the death-swoon," said the elder woman. "Gie me the hartshorn, and open the window, and get him a drink o' fresh water."

It was long, however, before Rule recovered himself. He seemed loth to come back to life, and when he did so, it was with a passion of weeping and sobbing that shook his big frame with agony. When it was over, the man was like a sea that has been swept by a hurricane: his face was dark and ominous; his voice hard and changed. He spoke to Annie first. "Go awa'," he said, "I must ken the worst that is comin' to me." And as soon as he was alone with Jessie, he turned to her and asked:

"Wha is he?"

"I'll no tell ye that, Rule. I dinna forget hoo the fisher lads treated the young college gentleman wha wranged Nannie Geddes."

"He got what he weel deserved, neither mair nor less. Tell me the lave o' my ain sorrow. Wha is my enemy?"

"A man ye dinna ken and never saw. It's a' my fault. Ye must tak' the wrang oot on me. There's nane else."

She was weeping, but he did not offer to comfort her, though his eyes were full of infinite pity. The sound of her sobbing filled the room, but he could not bring himself to speak. After a few minutes' silence, he rose and stumbled heavily toward the door. She followed him, and put her hands on his arm.

"Ye'll be my friend, Rule. Dinna ye go against me! I'll hae enou' to bear without that."

"I'll never hurt ye, Jessie—by word or deed. But I canna bide in St. Andrew's. I sall go awa'—far awa'. I must get oot o' the sight o' yer face, and the sound o' yer voice, and the hearin' o' the clash there will be anent us. God help ye, my dear lassie! God o' the fatherless, help ye!" and with the words he gently lifted her detaining hands and shut the door hopelessly between them.

### III.

So Rule picked up the bits of his broken heart and went away from St. Andrew's. He had few preparations to make. He put on his kirk suit and took his fisher suit in a bundle, and he had only one memento of Jessie to perplex him—it was a little box made of sea-shells, holding a faded twig of "Love Lies Bleeding." It had lain against Jessie's throat the day he asked her to be his wife, and she had given it to him with a kiss as they sat on the rocks together. Its significance, then, had been wholly sweet, now he looked at it almost with aversion. It had been ominous after all; but he could not destroy it, and he took it to Annie and asked her to keep it safely till he saw how things would turn with him.

He went first to Kirkcaldy and joined a fleet bound for the Shetland fishing; then as winter approached, he went to Glasgow and hired himself on a vessel carrying passengers and goods between that port and Belfast. He was fairly prosperous and showed no sign of wound. There is a past after wronged love that is wholly past, and though to weep into stones is a fable, such afflictions do often induce callosities of the heart. In a year Rule began to think that he had overgot his trouble and might even go back to his native village. He was telling himself this one afternoon in the following spring as he crossed Stockwell Bridge; for the thought of the North Sea with its fishing fleets stirred his heart. He longed for its wide, fresh spaces, and the mystic language of the great winds that blew there was sounding in his ears.

Some subtle instinct made him look forward, and he saw his old shipmate, Willie Ged, approaching. He sent a shout of welcome to greet him, but to his amazement Willie shirked his recognition and crossed the bridge as if to avoid him. For a moment he was confounded by the circumstance, then he hastened forward, but Willie had mingled in the crowd and was lost to him. He was much troubled and insensibly wounded, though he kept assuring himself, "Willie had certainly not known him." A few hours later Willie Ged came into a sailor's restaurant where Rule was eating. He saw Rule at once, and for a moment hesitated,

then with an air of defiance went to a table and ordered some oat-cakes and whisky. Rule lifted his own glass and carried it to Ged's table.

"I'm thinkin' ye didna see me, Willie," he said cheerily.

"I saw ye. Dinna sit doon at my board. I'm no carin' to drink wi' ye."

"There's some mistake, auld friend. What wrang have I ever done to ye?"

"I thought for the sake o' the nights we hae sailed together against death, ye wad hae spared me that question, Rule. But if ye ask me, I'll tell ye plump and plain, that I think ye the biggest scoundrel in Fife, or oot o' it."

"My God, Willie, them are awfu' words!"

"They are nane too bad for the thing ye hae done. A puir, fatherless, britherless lass! Dod man! There are nae words ill enou' for ye. What for did ye run awa' from your wrang-doing and its righting? What for did ye leave St. Andrew's? Answer me that?"

"I left because I had mair sorrow there than I could face."

"To be sure. And puir Jessy had to face it her lane. Man! Man! I didna think the Auld East Neuk held such a despisable coward!"

"Coward?"

"Coward, a thousand times! Ye can knock the word down my throat if it suits ye, for ye are stronger and bigger and younger than I am; but if I was chokin' wi' it I wad still say, ye are a measureless coward!"

"I'm no going to fight a blunder, and there's a big one here. What's wrang wi' Jessy Lauder?"

"Maist everything; for as soon as her mither heard o' Jessy's strait, she fell sick wi' some trouble o' the heart. She was in her bed three weeks before Jessy's bairn was born, and its first cry was Janet Lauder's death-cry. Then Jessy hersel' had a fever, and hardly pulled through. If it hadna been for Annie Tulloch she wad hae gane beyont; and, maybe, it wad hae been better for her. She's a vera wretched lass these days."

"Jessy's bairn!" It was all Rule could say. Great drops of sweat stood on his brow, and his large face was a map of sorrow and anger. "Jessy's bairn? I'm no understandin'!"

"Ye ought to."

"Do ye think that I wranged Jessy? Not by a word! Not by a thought! God in heaven is my witness."

"Folk say ye did."

"Does Jessy say the like o' that?"

"Jessy's vera silence says it. She willna speak a word against ye. Neither mither nor friend could get her to open her mouth to blame any one. But every man and woman put the sin on ye; and she never said it wasn't ye. Besides, it is weel kent that ye were the lassie's one and only sweetheart."

"She lets me tak' the blame o' it?"

"She does that. And there is nane in the village doubt it, if it be not Annie Tulloch and her mither. But Annie has been in love wi' ye for years, as everybody kens, and sae her 'think sae' isna worth a bodle."

"Ye, at least, Willie, might hae kenned me better. Did I ever wrang ye, or mortal man in anything?"

"I'm no saying ye did. I mysel' could trust ye wi' my siller and my life, and no a fear anent either; but there's plenty o' men that willna wrang their fellow-men for anything in this world or the next that will wrang a lassie without rhyme or



Drawn by  
R. West  
Clivedinst.

"DINNA SIT DOON AT MY BOARD.  
I'M NO CARIN' TO DRINK WI' YE."





*Drawn by B. West Clineinst.*

"THE NEXT MOMENT SHE HASTILY DRESSED AND WENT RAPIDLY TOWARD SOUTH STREET."

reason but their ain selfishness, and think nae shame o' it."

"I'm going to St. Andrew's this vera hour. I didna do the wrang to the puir lassie; but, maybe, I can find the meeserable hound wha did do it. And I must put mysel' right in the sight o' my mates and friends. Tak' my word before God, Willie, that I am as innocent o' this wickedness as ye are. We hae faced life and death together, and I'll never go to the Holy Table again if in this matter I am unworthy to do so."

"I'm fain and happy to believe ye, Rule. And it's but just to yoursel' and to every Fife fisher that ye should go hame at once and put yoursel' right. God gae wi' ye!"

"I'm seekin' His help and counsel." Both men lifted their bonnets reverently at the words, and then Rule went out into the crowded, rainy street, with a heart so hot and heavy that for some minutes he knew not which way he took.

Before he reached St. Andrew's, however, he had surveyed calmly the whole position, and made up his mind as to the course he would pursue. He loved Jessy still, but there was a bitter sense of wrong and indignation mingled with his love; for he understood that she had wilfully slain his good name in order to shield from popular indignation or private punishment the real culprit. About him he had no uncertain feeling. Nothing should prevent his exposure, if it were possible; and late as it was, he should do Jessy the justice he ought to have done long ago. These were the ends Rule put before himself, and he was possessed by a fierce impatience to accomplish them.

But when he reached St. Andrew's it was Saturday night, and the Sabbath peace was already over the grave old city. He therefore resolved to stay in St. Andrew's until Monday morning, and went to his aunt's house. She had gone to a hydropathic home for the cure of her rheumatism, and there was only a strange old woman there who reminded Rule that it was "vera near the Sabbath," and so shut the door in his face. A small inn was rather more hospitable, and in one of its bare, quiet rooms he slept until the good wife awakened him with a reproof for being so late on the holy day. Then he dressed and went out toward the old

kirk. His heart swelled with solemn pride and love as he walked the pleasant paths of South street. The holy charm of the Sabbath filled them—ministers, professors, and great congregations of all sorts and conditions of men were walking sedately kirkward, and every man, woman and child had the Book in their hands. There was no sound of wheels or horses, or of any traffic or business, only the tramp of the multitude going up to the house of God and the sound of the kirk bells calling above them in the clear air.

The greatest crowd seemed to be verging to the old kirk, and there Rule also went. He knew that Jessy had belonged to that kirk, and many others from his own fishing village, but he resolved not to let any human being trouble him on that day. He saw no one he knew but Annie Tulloch, and she was not aware of his presence. Indeed, he forgot all earthly things as soon as the minister read tenderly the Psalm, "Such pity as a Father hath," and the whole congregation took up the noble words and sang them to the noble strains of "Martyrdom." The sermon was logical and theological, but it was such as the hungry sheep of Scotch training find good feeding in, and at least Rule was comforted and satisfied. In the afternoon he went to kirk again, but in the gloaming he wandered down to the beautiful Pends and the old Abbey, and listened to the changeless voice of the North Sea in the roofless fanes—the same sad, mighty voice that had spoken to Eadmer and St. Margaret, to Beaton and Queen Mary, to Robert Bruce in the priory, and John Knox in the besieged castle. And he was counseled and strengthened by the stillness and holiness of the day, and by the familiar face of the sea and land he loved, and glad that he had not been able to go about his own affairs while his heart was hot with passion.

The next morning was an exquisite one, the sea blazing and sparkling sapphire without a break to Norway. He knew the hour at which the fisher women would be back from their morning sales, and he waited until that time. Then he went directly to the Lauder cottage. The door that always stood open in fine weather was now shut; the windows

were dusty and without the flowers that Janet had loved; the very walls had an air of discontent and unhappiness. He knocked sharply on the door, reflecting as he did so, that he had never before knocked for entrance to that house; and he wondered at himself for the ceremony which he had felt instinctively he ought to observe.

Jessy answered the summons with a quick "Come in!" and he went in. She was sitting on the hearth braiding her long hair, and when she saw Rule she laughed hysterically and said: "Ye were the last o' my thoughts; what brought ye?"

"Yoursel'. I heard of a' that has happened in Glasgo', and I cam' back to sort things, as far as ye will let me. I'm your friend always, ye ken that Jessy?"

"I'll not hae ye meddle nor mak' in my affairs. Sae ye hae come on a fool's errand."

"Jessy, what for did ye let folks blame me for your wrang? Your mither has gane into the next world thinkin' ill o' me. I didna deserve the like o' this from ye."

"Mither kens the right and the wrang by this time. She's no blaming ye any langer. As for the ither blame, ye said often that ye wad gie your life to pleasure me if I asked it—just silly words, it seems, like the lave o' them."

"My life is a little thing, Jessy. My honor and my good name is beyont a' price."

"Parfect nonsense! Naeboddy asked ye for your life; but when I just let ye stand in the place o' anither, ye come a' the way frae Glasgo' to fight about it."

"I won't stand for a blackguard and a rascal; no, not even for you."

"Keep your ill names for yoursel'.



Drawn by B. West Chimedust.

"CHRISTINE KENNEDY RATHER RELUCTANTLY LET HER EYES FALL ON THE SMILING BABE."

They suit ye better than the lad I love."

"Wha is he? Tell me, Jessy. If there be a minister in St. Andrew's he shall mak' ye an honest woman, and a wife."

"Tell you wha he is! Na, Na! I'll never tell ye. As for 'makin' him do aught, ye havna the power to do it. He's nane o' your kind."

"Do ye love him yet, Jessy? How can you?"

"Rule McKenzie, I'll no be put to catechism by you;" and she stood up, and with passionate words wounded and insulted Rule in all the ways her intimate knowledge of him gave her the power to do. Her temper and the noise of it woke

up a child that had been sleeping in a rough, wooden cradle, and she lifted it with a kind of defiance, shook it crossly, and laid it back with a peremptory order to "be aff to sleep." The babe's wailing, mingled with Jessy's invectives, were more than Rule could bear; besides, he saw that Jessy was on the point of breaking down, and as he was unable to reason with her, he put her gently back into her chair, and said:

"Whist, Jessy! I'll vex ye nae mair, the noo. I cam' here to be your friend."

"Ye cam' here to mak' folks think ye were a vera angel, and to tak' your ain disappointment oot on a lad far awa' better than yoursel'. Gae oot o' my hoose! I dinna want to see ye ony mair. I willna speak anither word to ye." She got up and opened the door, and stood holding it open while Rule passed out. But she could not let him go without a final wound, and she cried after him:

"Gae to Annie Tulloch. She kens my business better than I do mysel'."

As soon as the words were said she was frightened. She had, in her jealous sense of disliked obligation, sent Rule to the only person able and likely to give him the clue he wanted. For a moment she considered her position, the next moment she hastily dressed her hair, threw a little shawl over her head, and lifting the babe in her arms, went rapidly toward the west end of South street.

#### IV.

She stopped at a large stone house set in an old-fashioned garden full of stately trees and carefully kept flower-beds. The blue heaven was above her, the green earth, the soft wind, and all the soul of spring around, but she noticed none of these things. Her heart was hot with passion, and the whole world at that hour was but a circumstance as it affected Jessy Lauder.

After entering the iron gateway, she hesitated for a moment; then she walked boldly up to the front door and impetuously knocked with the large brass knocker that shone on its snow-white surface. In a few minutes a young woman threw it open; but when she saw Jessy with the babe in her shawl, she said angrily:

"What did ye call me here for, ye saucy hizzy? Gae to the back o' the hoose."

"I'll no do it. Pit me in the best room, and gae tell Miss Kennedy she's wanted to speak wi' me. If she isna in, tell Maister Logie to come ben and speak wi' Jessy Lauder. Dinna stare at me, lassie, but do as ye are bid do. Have ye fairly forgotten your business?"

She was in the wide, cool hall by this time, for she had pushed past the girl, and seeing the door of the parlor open, she went in there and sat down. For a few minutes she was alone, and she looked with a kind of awe on the pictured Kennedys, and on the silver cups and service piled in shining tiers above the polished mahogany buffet. Under ordinary circumstances, she would have been subdued by the strangeness of the splendor around her; but the babe nestling and cooing against her breast gave her a kind of desperate courage.

Yet she stood up respectfully when Miss Kennedy entered the room and slowly shut the door after her. She was a very tall, fair, young woman with an air of great serenity, and a good, resolute face that was more engaging than beautiful. She looked with her clear, calm eyes into Jessy's flushed, anxious countenance, and said softly, "Sit down. What do you want with me, Jessy Lauder?"

"I want to tell ye, that if Logie is at hame, he must get oot o' St. Andrew's before set o' sun."

"What have you to say about Mr. Kennedy's going or staying?"

"Ye needna 'Mister' Logie to me. This is his lad-bairn, and it's lang past 'Mister' atween us twa. He has leed his soul to hell for me, and I hae tynd everything women hold dear for him; and he has been cruel enou', God kens! But for a' that I dinna want to see him fa' into the hands o' the Rath fishermen, wi' Rule McKenzie to lead them on."

"I do not understand."

"I was promised to Rule and I deceived him, and sent him awa' for Logie Kennedy, and then Logie deceived me, and sent me awa' for some ither lass, I daur say. I'm weel served."

"You are telling me the truth?"

"The God's truth."

"How can I know that?"



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"I HAVE AGREED TO ADOPT THE CHILD FOR MY OWN."

"I'm a fisher lass. Leeing isna oor sin, ony way."

"But why has there been no danger to Logie before this?"

"Because Rule was sent awa' before he kent the warst. Folks thought the bairn was Rule's bairn."

"And you let them think so?"

"Ay, I did. I didna want Logie to get into shame and trouble."

"So you allowed an innocent man to bear the shame and trouble. You are a bad girl! You are a liar of the worst kind! You have lived a lie; lived it with every sense you have, for—how long?"

"A' of a year, ma'am."

"And you would have gone on living a lie if this old lover of yours had not come back?"

"I was going awa' mysel'. I had a' ready to leave, when the lad cam' back."

"That would have been still worse. Do ye know what you ought to do?"

"I'm going awa'," she answered dourly.

"But before you go you must clear your old lover—Rule you called him—you must clear him before his friends and enemies."

"Rule can tak' care o' his ain gude name, fine."

"You have wronged him and you must right him."

"I didna come here for a sermon anent Rule McKenzie. I cam' to tell you Logie must get oot o' the way till the ill-blood flows past—that is, if he doesna want to get a' that young Muir got, aboot the Geddes lassie. Ye hae heard tell o' that?"

"Yes."

"Then ye'll send him awa'. I'm no carin' to hae folks laughing at the lad I likit; and no carin' to be the talk o' the fisher wiyes baith far and near."

"Logie is not in St. Andrew's. I may as well tell you the whole truth. He went to London a month ago to marry a lady who lives there, and they are now in Italy. I only returned from London three days since."

"Logie is married! Is that what you say?"

"Yes."

"Look at his bairn. Is it not his vera image and likeness?"

She uncovered the child and held him out in her arms, and Christine Kennedy rather reluctantly let her eyes fall on the smiling babe. Her face lighted, she touched its hands, then its cheeks, then she stooped and kissed it.

"You are right," she answered, "it is very like my brother."

"Weel, ye can write him word that it will be on the town the night. I'll no hae the care o' it, noo that Logie is marriet and awa' to foreign countries. I sall send the bairn to the work-hoose the night. I canna care for it langer."

"You shall do no such thing. Come, I will make a bargain with you. This afternoon, at four o'clock, I will drive to your house, and in the presence of your friends and neighbors I will take the child for my own. And you shall then and there tell the whole truth about it."

"Ye may hae the bairn; but I dinna want to say aught."

"You must tell the truth, or I will not take the child."

"Weel, then, as I canna do better, I will do as ye say."

After some inquiry about the location of Jessy's house, the conversation ceased. Christine Kennedy seemed troubled, and Jessy could not force the reserve with which she surrounded herself. So she went rather sullenly away, and half-inclined to draw back from her part of the bargain. But the hot walk home and the weight of the child decided her.

"I can do naething either for mysel' or the puir little lad," she thought, "and he's just uncommon bonnie, and ought to be weel clad and cared for. Ay, and I'll gie the fish wives something to talk o'! Set them up, the cutties! They're nae better than I am."

She stopped an old woman she met at this point in her reverie, and said: "Babbie, ye tell the wives and lassies that if they'll come to my hoose at four o'clock this afternoon they'll get their een and ears filled."

"What's to be, Jessy? What's to be, lass?"

"Come and see for yoursels."

So when the Kennedy carriage with its fine horses and liveried servants stopped before Jessy's door, there was a quick movement of a number of women from their own homes toward the Lauder cot-



tage. Miss Kennedy went inside and stood silently upon the hearthstone, watching the little room fill with the large, white-capped women, who looked as solemn as if there was a minister present. When it would hold no more, she stepped to the cradle in which the child lay. Jessy stood beside it. She

spread out her arms and motioned Jessy to lay the sleeping babe in them. The mother did so. Her eyes were feverishly bright and her cheeks red, and she trembled at her task, but she shed no tear and made no outcry.

"Friends," said Miss Kennedy, "I am Christine Kennedy, the daughter of Buchan Kennedy. You all remember, or have heard tell of him."

There was a low murmur or assent, for which Christine waited, and which she acknowledged by a faint smile.

"This bonnie little laddie is the son of my brother Logie Kennedy, and of your friend Jessy Lauder."

A louder murmur, and some indignant glances at Jessy followed this announcement.

"I have agreed to adopt the child for my own; and in God's presence and your presence, I promise to bring up the child in His fear. I promise to present him for baptism. I promise to give him a good education. I promise to be kind to him, and patient with him in all the ills and follies of his bairnhood and boyhood. And if in anything I fail in my duty to this boy, or break the promise I now make, let



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"AND SO SHE LIVED, WANDERING FROM HOME TO HOME."

one of you come and tell me of it. You are the witnesses between God and me, and his mother and me." Then she turned to Jessy and said: "Come, Jessy, you have now something to say. Be honest, so that no future trouble come out of this."

Then Jessy, who had been standing with her eyes cast down upon the cradle, lifted her head, and with a touch of pride, almost reckless in its vanity of filling the eyes and ears of her neighbors, said:

"I promised Miss Kennedy to tell the truth, and the hale o' it; and I'm no the lass to break my word. You'll mind, it was yoursels, and not me, wha put the bairn on Rule. I neither said this nor that anent the father. It was nane o' your business; and I wasna going to tell ye aught till I was gude and ready to do sae. Weel, I'm ready the noo; for I'm going awa' frae St. Andrew's, and sae I want ye a' to ken that the bonnie bairn is nae fisher bairn: it is the son o' Logie Kennedy. Those o' ye wha hae blamed Rule McKenzie can just ca' themsels a' the ill names they like to. As far as I ken, Rule is as big a saint as ony in the auld kirk. Sae I hope ye'll gie the lad a' the respect that's his due. This is a' I hae to say—but it will keep your tongues wagging for a wee while."

"It is enough, Jessy," interrupted Miss Kennedy; for the girl having loosed her tongue seemed inclined to go on talking. Then a maid who had accompanied her, unfolded an opera-cloak of white satin and swan's-down, and wrapping it around the babe carried it to the Kennedy carriage. Jessy kissed it with a sorrow, somewhat soothed by her pride in the beautiful garment, and most of the women touched one of its little hands, or gave it a blessing as it passed by them. In a few moments the carriage was out of sight, and the crowd stood talking in whispers about the self-bereaved mother, who had sunk into a chair and sat listening intently to the receding wheels.

It was not long, however, until they began to assail her with questions, and then the girl's temper, so hardly under strain, gave way, and she drove them from her presence with an eloquence they all understood and appreciated. And in the morning she was gone. It was discovered later that she had sold her house

a week previously, and that Rule's return had not caused, but merely hastened a flitting fully determined and arranged for.

So Rule's vengeance was taken out of his hands and out of his power. He settled down again among his old mates, and was soon busy at the summer fishing. Somehow his heart turned to Annie for relief and encouragement. She was the only woman who would talk of Jessy kindly. She was the only woman to whom Jessy wrote. And as the weeks and months went by, they constantly grew more and more to each other, till one lovely summer night as they walked on the moonlit sands, it so happened that they fell from talking sense to talking nonsense—and were happy.

In joy and sorrow, in sickness and health, the years passed as they have a way of doing, and before Rule and Annie could hardly realize the fact, their boys were beginning to think of going to the boats, and the girls of putting on long kirk dresses. At this period, Aunt Lizzie McKenzie died and left Rule her house on South street, and a thousand pounds. Then they went to live in the South street house, in order that the boys and girls might have some better schooling. And it happened that on the very day they moved into it, Jessy Lauder knocked at the door and asked "if Lizzie McKenzie still lived there?"

Annie knew her voice and brought her joyfully in; but the visit was not a happy one. Not all Jessy's city gewgaws could hide the fact, that years and hard toil had worn away her delicate beauty. She was lank and withered, and had the discontented, peevish air of ill chance and disappointment. She said she "had gien up the fishing trade and was hirin' hersel' oot in gude families." But it was evident from her conversation that her unfamiliarity with the better class of housework kept her moving from place to place; and though she boasted of her many lovers, she was still unmarried, and her face showed the bitter hours she had spent in bewailing the honest love flung away for a passing gratification of vanity and passion.

After this visit, Annie wrote to her often, and told her about her child's beauty and progress; but she took little interest in it. "He was far beyont her,"

she said, "and never like to gie her either love or siller." And so she lived, wandering from home to home; but no new love like the old lost one ever came again into her lonely, laborious life.

She was very jealous and envious of Annie, and often accused her of plotting to get Rule from her. Indeed, to her fellow-servants, she told pathetic tales of her wrongs, and many romances of Rule's undying love for her.

Romances truly! Rule's heart was bound up in Annie and his children; and the tenderest token from the past had no

power to move him. For one day, when they had been some years married, Annie came across the little shell-box, which kept the withered spray of "Love Lies Bleeding," and she showed it to Rule. He held it for a moment in his fingers, and then turned to Annie with a happy smile, and said:

"My dear lass, thank God love doesna lie bleeding between us twa! He is throned, and crowned, and lifted heavenward by the joys and sorrows we hae shared together!" And he drew her close to his heart and kissed her.

## INFELIX.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHO, gazing on thy cradle sleep  
In far sweet days let down from heaven,  
(Such days there be to mothers given)  
Had thought of shadows gathering deep,

Or caught upon the baby brow  
One faintest sign of furrowing scar,  
One presage of the lurid star  
That overarcs thy pathway now.

Not love itself had power to rend  
The future's kind opaque away,  
Not love itself had power to stay  
A single dart that fate should send.

Perchance thine angel watching knew,  
And veiled his face, and hushed his song  
One moment in the radiant throng,  
Ah, God! what could an angel do,

Seeing in sinister outline  
The portent of that baleful dross  
That sum of grief and shame and loss,  
Which only angels could divine?

Yet, even as infelix I write,  
A mighty wave blots out the word,  
No human cry but God hath heard!  
No dark but melts to heaven's light!

And in great ages yet to be,  
The sorrowful tale forever told,  
Thy God Himself His lost shall fold,  
And thine own mother comfort thee.



*Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.*

### THE AVENGER OF THE SEVEN.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

GILBERT Curtis had run up to Deephaven to put in a few days there with a friend. The reports of the place had fascinated him. A quaint old town with broad streets shaded by elms, lying along a picturesque inlet or bay, and fine country roads leading from its artless gaiety into soothing stretches of green beauty.

There was a cocky little casino, with wide verandas all around it, so there was

always some shady side where one could find cool refreshment in contemplation of the sunlit sea. There was music and dancing in the evenings.

Kennedy had gone to Deephaven early in the summer and had written as laudatory letters as possible. Such good fishing, jolly sailing, romantic drives, cool weather, plenty of dancing, and an excellent table.

Then he began to speak of another

charm Deephaven afforded, one that was wrapped up in a petticoat. "I can't help pitying her a little, though it's absurd to say that about Mrs. Worthington. But she's so young, and has such a bright, unaffected vivacity, and her eyes are very round, and her eyebrows so arched, and on her temples there is the dimmest little touch of a wandering blue vein, such as shows sometimes through a baby's skin. You can analyze, Curtis, and I can only sympathize. She has been married once and has lost her husband. That was over two years ago."

Curtis ran his fingers through his thick brown hair. "What a gingerly way he has of saying that she is a widow. He can't help pitying her, eh? It must be the round eyes and the little vein. Pity is next door neighbor to love."

Each subsequent letter had some allusion to Mrs. Worthington. Then there was no letter at all for a week. Then a short letter without any allusion to her. But Kennedy urged, almost plaintively, that Curtis would come to Deephaven for a while.

The day Curtis arrived the two men got a sail-boat and drifted around in the little bay. They passed a small promontory jutting picturesquely out into the rippling water. Kennedy looked gloweringly at the top of it as they floated by. The rocks cropped out of the grass here and there on its brow.

"Well, old man, how about the festive widow?" asked Curtis banteringly. "I gathered from your casual allusions to the lady that she was Deephaven's star attraction. Has she gone away?"

"Oh, no! She will probably remain until the end of the season—or of the men," returned Kennedy moodily.

"You don't seem as grateful for that as I would have imagined," retorted Curtis, with a glance at the young fellow's face.

"You see that miserable little cape?" asked Kennedy, indicating by his glance the charming promontory. "Ten days ago Mrs. Worthington refused me up there."

"What shocking taste!" murmured Curtis condolingly. Not in scenery, but in husbandry. Well, old man, though I don't know the lady, yet I feel safe in reminding you of the 'as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught.' Your line isn't broken."

"My faith in womankind is," replied the other solemnly, "to think that such a woman is only a flirt!"

"Now easy, Tommy. Don't be too severe. She may have thought you were only a flirt, too."

"My dear fellow," replied Kennedy, impressively, "listen: the afternoon I made such a fool of myself, I began to skirmish about for an opportunity to avow my sentiments. She detected the premonitory symptoms, and led me to the top of that blamed cape. There is a very comfortable rock there for sitting on, and just below it a small grassy shelf where a man can stretch himself out. Mrs. Worthington perched herself cosily on the rock and looked at the sea. I sprawled out on the grassy ledge and looked at her."

"Have a cigar," said Curtis sympathetically. "If it's his heart that suffers from this retrospect he'll not take it," he reflected. "If it's only his pride, he will."

The young man took the cigar, and there was a moment's interruption until each had lighted his weed.



Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.

"TEN DAYS AGO MRS. WORTHINGTON REFUSED ME UP THERE."

"Well, when I had made the plunge, she was 'so sorry if her manner had led me to suppose that I had engaged her affection. I think,' she said, in a real childlike burst of innocence, 'that the air of this place must have something to do with it. You are the seventh man who has proposed to me this summer on this spot! Isn't it odd? I hope it won't affect the women that way, for this is leap year, and if this atmosphere makes them lose their heads they might want to use their privilege.' Now do you think I am rash," Kennedy concluded sarcastically, "in entertaining a suspicion that the lady is a bit of a flirt?"

Curtis grinned undisguisedly. The younger man's face was heavily veneered with indignant disgust, but he pulled at his cigar methodically enough.

"I think it's a nice, humorous spectacle," replied Curtis. "The little widow leading her victim to this rock when she scents a proposal and giving him his coup de grace there. I should think she would feel like a Druidess sacrificing victims on a stone altar. But, Tom, what a connoisseur she must be by this time in masculine love avowals! Did she seem to approve of your style?"

"She said I did it very nicely, one of the best, in fact. But she may have told each of the others something equally flattering. The better I did it, the more humiliating the throw-down."

"But what a consolation, though, in knowing there are six others in exactly the same boat," exclaimed Curtis, comfortingly. "Gad! I am keen to see this 'belle dame sans mercy,'" he added enthusiastically.

"I've no doubt she would be delighted to add you to her list as the eighth," retorted Kennedy. "That strikes me as a very pretty record in scalps for one summer in a little quiet place like Deephaven. I believe Mrs. Worthington likes to spend her summer here because it's a rest after the winter's excitement! Well, you are forearmed. When you find her steering you toward that rock, either change your course or your conversation. It is evidently a hoodoo for lovers. What a triumph it would be for her to wing such a coy old boy as you, Curtis. By Jove," he added, kindling with a new idea, "why don't you couch a lance for your devas-

tated sex? Go in, make the widow love you, and then 'be so sorry that you could have done anything to have aroused such hopes.' Be the Avenger of the Seven! Return from that rock where the hearts of your brethren have been mangled to make a widow's holiday, a victor. Who knows? This is leap year, and she may lead you to the rock to *propose to you*! Oh, what a heavenly poetic justice lies here unrolled. It is too good ever to be true. But you can easily get her to lead you there with the idea that you are ripe for proposing, and then, think of us others, and—don't!"

"It sounds like an extension of Punch's advice to young people about to marry," said Curtis. "But you don't seem to consider the awful danger I would be exposed to by embarking on this laudatory scheme of brotherly vengeance. What if my life's happiness is wrecked forever on that fatal rock!"

"Oh, you can shy off, if you think you are really getting hit," flung back Kennedy impatiently. "Besides—we recover. There have been no corpses found on the beach this season, and there have been only two sudden masculine departures. I have almost rallied to the point of being grateful to her. Of course, I'm not quite there, or I shouldn't be urging you to avenge us. But think what a fine lesson it will be for the widow lady, even looking at the matter from the standpoint of pure philanthropy. Go in and try it, anyhow."

"How forgetful of your past, or how indifferent to my future!" laughed Curtis. "I may fall madly in love, and be more promptly rejected than any of you. But one thing is sure. I am eager to meet this Lady of the Rock. Lead me to her, and I promise you that if she does fall in love with me, I'll not try to break the fall one little bit."

\* \* \*

Three weeks later two figures loomed up on the crest of the little cape, and were silhouetted for a moment against the pure blue sky. Then one, that of a tall, square-shouldered man, disappeared, and the other became visible only from the waist up. The lady had seated herself upon the rock.





*Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.*

""CLARICE, I LOVE YOU. YOU SHALL MARRY ME.""



Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.

"'I THINK IT'S A NICE, HUMOROUS SPECTACLE,' REPLIED CURTIS."

"This is a beautiful spot," murmured the lady. "I love to look out on that bright, happy, sparkling sea."

"Yes," assented the man; "but how much more beautiful it would seem to a man who could look at it knowing that the only woman he had ever loved, loved him, and was gazing at it by his side."

The lady's eyes became more dreamy as she turned them from the breezy blue of the sea and let them rest tenderly on the back of his head.

"It is more beautiful that way," she said thoughtfully.

"There ought to be at least two such here in Deephaven," he continued with a

remonstrant air, as if the beauty of the prospect demanded this fittest beholding of itself to that extent.

"Yes. There *ought* to be," the lady returned, breathing a light sigh and fixing her eyes once more on the sea.

A silence.

The man was stretched at full length on the little shelf of grass just below the rock. He was resting his head on his hand, looking out to sea, thereby presenting a very fine back to the lady. This was flattering—to the sea!"

"Clarice," he said after a moment, not altering his position, and calling her by her first name with perfect calmness, though he had never so addressed her

before, "why did you refuse those seven men this summer?"

"For the excellent reason that I did not wish to marry any one of them," the lady replied promptly and with a slight asperity. Then in a softer tone, she added: "I did not love them," as if her thought was of what love meant, rather than of the unloved seven.

"Admirable answer to a stupid question," he replied, turning himself about with no little grace considering the restricted space. Then, in the same attitude as before, except that the lady's face was now the term of his vision, instead of the ever smiling sea, he went on with judicial calmness, his clear blue eyes upturned with an arraigning look to the dark eyes that met his with such frankness. "I meant to ask for what excellent reason did you lead them on to offer you something so precious as a man's love when you knew you did not care for them?"

"I did not 'lead them on' so much as not check them—till they forced me to," she replied at once. Beside, I give you my word, I did not know what love meant—then."

The last word seemed to slip out in the fervor of truthfulness, though the lady softened it till it was almost inaudible.

"Yet you proposed our coming here this afternoon," he persisted, without bating his glance, "to this Rock of the Departed Seven. Why?"

"Perhaps, because I thought the air of the place would be good for you," she murmured, regarding him with a faint, arch smile.

He remained motionless and silent for a moment. Then he shifted his head so that his chin rested in the hollow of his hand, and said as if abstractedly: "Seven plus one is eight." With somewhat flippant air he added: "Are you so very

fond of addition, Mrs. Worthington?"

He heard no reply. Turning his head quickly, he saw that the soft smile with which she had been regarding him had faded from her lips. Her beautiful eyes were turned toward the sea, with a veiled expression in them. He noted the dim, little blue vein in her temple, and for the first time understood why Kennedy "couldn't help pitying her." Just then, too, there was the faintest quiver to her lips.

He sprang to his feet, took a step forward, sank upon the grass, so close to her that her knees pressed against him, and grasped both her hands tightly. His eyes, like sapphire lights which love had kindled, blazed on her, and, with the passion breaking forth in his voice at last, he said hotly: "Clarice, I love you. You *shall* marry me."

\* \* \*

"Dear Kennedy:

"You are asleep, so I leave this on your table where you will get it early in the morning. As an 'avenger' I am a ghastly fizzle. I have been to the rock! When we left it, we were headed for the altar, which we hope to reach early this autumn, as we both hate a long engagement. Don't be sore with me, old man, I am loaded with gratitude to you. If you hadn't got me up here I might never have met her! Of course, I want you to be best man. There is one thing the seven can be proud of, and that is, unquestionable taste. Poor Clarice! She did not realize what it meant to you, for then she had never been in I—. But I mustn't talk about Mrs. Gilbert Curtis that is to be, or I would write too much.

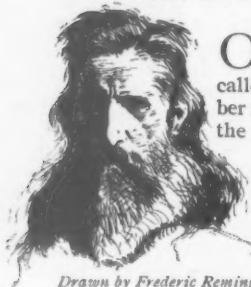
"Yours, Curtis."

"P. S.—She says I did it worse than any of you!"



## THE STORY OF A FAMOUS EXPEDITION.

THIS NARRATIVE OF FREMONT'S RETREAT FROM THE SAN LUIS VALLEY, IS GIVEN AS TOLD BY THOS. E. BRECKENRIDGE, TO-DAY THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE EXPEDITION, TO J. W. FREEMAN AND CHARLES W. WATSON.



*Drawn by Frederic Remington.*

OUR expedition left Westport, now called Kansas City, October 19, 1848, and followed the line afterwards pursued by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad, to Fort Bend on the Arkansas River. At Fort Bend we found "Old Bill" Williams, one of the oldest mountaineers and guides in the West, a man of forty years' experience in the mountains and among the wild tribes which inhabited the country between the Pacific coast and the Mississippi River. Williams had been with Fremont's Topographical Corps on its trip from St. Louis to Sutter's Fort, California, in 1845. He was engaged by Fremont to guide our expedition, although he disagreed with Fremont in regard to the route to be followed.

The route outlined by Colonel Fremont and Senator Benton led to Pueblo in the Arkansas Valley, thence to Hardscrabble, and over the Wet Mountain and the Sangre de Cristo range, striking the Rio Grande, which was to be followed to its source.

After resting one day at Fort Bent, we resumed the journey up the Arkansas Valley, reaching Pueblo, which consisted of half a dozen adobe houses. We then pushed in a southwesterly direction about forty-five miles to Hardscrabble, where we stopped a week to recuperate and prepare for severe work in the mountains. The weather was unusually cold for the month of November, and the snow fell almost daily during our stay in camp.

Until we reached the summit of Wet Mountain, our party consisted of thirty-three men; but at that point, Dick Wootton, one of Colorado's pioneers who had joined us at Fort Bend, turned back. After a good long look at the valley below and the snow-covered Sangre de Cristo mountains beyond, he exclaimed: "There is too much snow ahead for me," and im-

mediately mounted his horse and disappeared down the mountain toward Hardscrabble. That was the last we saw of Dick Wootton. I have always since thought that Wootton's head was level on the subject of mountain travel in the winter.

After crossing the Sangre de Cristo range our stock was put on short rations, only one quart of corn a day being allowed to each animal. The men fared no better, as our flour was exhausted; but we thought we would find an abundance of game when we reached the valley of the Rio Grande, since called San Luis Valley, as well as plenty of grass for the stock. We were continually looking for something better, and the conditions were daily growing worse.

It was hard work pushing through the heavy snow-drifts, but the men worked cheerily, although we advanced only five or six miles a day. Our clothing was seldom dry and the snow fell almost continually. Little did we imagine the awful suffering that was before us.

On reaching the valley of the Rio Grande we found the snow about three feet deep. The weather had changed: it was very cold, and the northwest wind blew the snow in great clouds; but we pushed on, beating trails for the stock, in the hope of reaching the Rio Grande as soon as possible, where we thought we would find grass for the stock. Our march to the river was very slow on account of the keen, piercing wind blowing the snow in our faces, the stock continually trying to turn around and go back on the trail. It seems to me that those mules had a premonition of their fate. Animal instinct had forewarned them of the suffering in store in the gloomy mountains at the head of the Rio Grande. We could see the storm-clouds approaching from the west, a great dark barrier rolling toward us.

Just before we reached the river, about three o'clock one morning, we were aroused from our sleep by the announcement that the mules were gone. They had stampeded, and three of us were detailed

to follow. It was intensely cold, but we immediately struck their trail, and at the end of four hours we overtook them. There were no prayers said in driving those mules back to camp. We reached the river only to find it frozen over and the snow fully as deep as at any place in the valley. The heavy storms had driven the game away, and the snow covered the grass to such an extent that it was impossible for the mules to get even a mouthful to eat. The outlook was gloomy,

route out of our difficulties, to go south around the San Juan Mountains, and then west along what is now the line between Colorado and New Mexico.

We pushed up the river, plunging through the snow and making but slow progress. Our provisions were almost gone, and we were obliged to repeat what had been done in 1845 in Nevada—kill and eat the pack-animals. We would camp early and climb the cottonwood trees that grew along the river, cutting



*Drawn by Frederic Remington.*

KILLING MULES.

indeed, but there was no grumbling among the men.

In camp there was a disagreement between Colonel Fremont and Williams. Williams was a man that said but little, but he was a long time with Fremont that night, and when he turned in (we bunked together), he said that they disagreed in regard to the route we should follow. He said the snow was deeper and the weather more severe than he had ever known it to be before. He said he had advised a

off the branches to feed to the mules.

We continued to advance up the river, the snow growing deeper day by day. The weather was terribly cold and many of the men were frost-bitten. We could see the mountains ahead, and on account of their tremendous height and distance, we felt it would be impossible to cross the range. Colonel Fremont knew it, too, for he talked with Williams again, and Williams advised returning to the Saguache, or south to New Mexico; but

Colonel Fremont evidently thought he could make a short cut over La Garita Mountains and accomplish the same thing, for we turned north, left the Rio Grande, and began to ascend the mountains, following a little stream which I think is now called Embargo Creek. Our trail lay through deep mountain gorges and among towering crags and steep declivities, which at any other time of the year it would have been dangerous to traverse. Several of our animals stumbled and fell headlong over the cliffs and were dashed to pieces on the rocks. To make matters worse, it had commenced snowing again. It seemed as if the elements were against us, but the men held up well, and although all were more or less frozen, I cannot remember that I heard a word of grumbling. Men would push ahead and make a trail until tired out when others would take their places. At night, all wet to the skin, we would gather around great camp-fires, cook and eat our mule meat, and then wrapping ourselves in wet blankets, would go to sleep.

I have spent many winters in the mountains, but have never experienced storms similar to these. On the seventeenth day of December, after many in-



MULE FALLING  
HEADLONG.

Drawn by  
*Frederic  
Remington.*

effectual attempts to force our way up the mountains, we found it impossible to make further headway. We remained in camp several days hoping the storm would cease, living on the carcasses of the faithful mules that had died from cold and hunger. The storm continued night and day. It was impossible to see in any direction, for the high wind filled the air with drifting snow at all times. We could hear the roar of snow-slides as they rushed from the steep sides of mountain peaks to the valleys below, carrying everything before them. Sometimes they were far away, at other times so close that the sound was like the crash of artillery. It is impossible for one who has never been placed in a similar position to imagine the state of terror we were in during our stay in that camp. Rightly has it been named "Camp Desolation."

We lived in holes dug in the snow with a camp-fire in the center. There were several such fires, and each camp was separate, as the snow was so deep that the men could not look into the next pit. We had as provisions for thirty-two men, probably fifty pounds of sugar and about as much coffee, and a small quantity of macaroni and candles. I mention the candles as provisions, for they were found afterwards to be a luxury indeed. Our staff of life consisted of frozen mule meat. It was soon evident that to remain in camp meant to us starvation and death, and it became our main topic of conversation how to get relief. The snow was growing deeper day by day, our hope of relief ever growing less, as our poor pack-animals were dying fast. They had absolutely nothing to eat, and had eaten each others manes and tails until there was not a hair left. At night their cries of hunger but added to the horror of our situation.

Finally came Christmas eve. We had been in camp eight days, when Colonel Fremont sent for me to come to his tent. He had been studying the situation and our chances of escape. He admitted that the situation was very serious, but he was not despondent. He had a plan which he thought would give us relief if carried out. "Breckenridge," he said, "we have been in many tight places together, and I know you are one of the hardest and toughest men I have, and you are able to





Drawn by Frederic Remington.

"WE AWOKE EARLY, STIRRED THE FIRE,—"

endure more than the average man; but what I shall ask of you will try both your nerve and endurance to the utmost. Relief we must have, and as soon as possible, and a small party can get along faster than a large one; therefore, I have concluded to send yourself, Kreutzfeldt and Bill Williams, under King, down the river for relief. King, Kreutzfeldt and Williams have volunteered—now will you go?" I said, "I will go. If any one can make the trip, I can." He then said he thought Taos was probably the nearest point where we could get aid, and the distance was, as nearly as he could estimate, about one hundred and eighty miles.

In the morning we were ready to start. On account of the depth of the snow we planned to carry as little weight as possible with us. We took one blanket apiece, a few pounds of frozen mule meat, about one pound of sugar, a little macaroni, and a few candles. We had three Hawkins' rifles for defense against the Indians, about fifty bullets, and one

pound of powder. We also had one shotgun. With this equipment our little band of four was to start on a desperate trip of one hundred and eighty miles, on foot, in the dead of winter, through the roughest country of America.

I will never forget that Christmas breakfast. We had no luxuries, but plenty of variety, especially in meats. The bill of fare was not prepared for the occasion, being in use every day.

#### BILL OF FARE. CAMP DESOLATION.

December 25, 1848.

#### — MENU. —

MULE.

SOUP.

Mule Tail.

FISH.

Baked White Mule.

Boiled Gray Mule.

## MEATS.

Mule Steak, Fried Mule, Mule Chops,  
 Broiled Mule, Stewed Mule, Boiled Mule,  
 Scrambled Mule, Shirred Mule,  
 French-fried Mule, Minced Mule,  
 DAMNED Mule.  
 Mule on Toast (without the Toast),  
 Short Ribs of Mule with Apple Sauce,  
 (without the Apple Sauce).

## RELISHES.

Black Mule, Brown Mule, Yellow Mule,  
 Bay Mule, Roan Mule,  
 Tallow Candles.

## BEVERAGES.

Snow, Snow-Water, Water.

It really made no difference how our meats were cooked, it was the same old mule.

Before our departure I handed Colonel Fremont a sack, which every man was supposed in those days to carry, called a "possible sack." I told the colonel that in the sack was all the money I had, \$1200.00 in Spanish doubloons, and I wished him to take charge of it, and bring it out with him when he came, and if anything should happen to me, to send the money to my father at St. Louis. Colonel Fremont promised this, saying: "If anything should occur, and it is lost, I will see that the loss is made good to you."

The sack with the coin was left behind when Colonel Fremont broke camp. Human life at that time was of more value than Spanish coin. I have never had the loss made up to me by the government as promised. The following spring several men who did not wish to go on to California were sent into the mountains to the old camp to recover such property as had been left there. Bill Williams was of the party. They secured the valuables, but on their return trip were attacked by a band of Indians and the entire party was massacred.

The first day out we advanced about five miles, and at night camped under a large spruce tree, making a fire of such dry limbs as we were able to break from the trunk. We slept but little on account of the intense cold. In the morning, after eating scant rations, we rolled our blankets around the little store of provisions and were ready for another day's

journey. By accident the sugar was tipped over in the snow and lost—to us a very great misfortune.

The second day's travel was about the same as on the first. We camped at night under a piñon tree, where we suffered greatly from cold. The next morning the storm showed signs of abating. When ready to start I found that my feet were numb; but we had not gone far before they began to warm up, and I discovered from the peculiar painful pricking sensation that they were frost-bitten.

We reached the river about four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day as hungry as wolves. Two tallow candles, the last of our supplies, had served as breakfast hours before. The situation was growing desperate. We had traveled in three days but a short part of our journey, and there was not an ounce of food in sight. Before night I had the good fortune to kill a small hawk, which was cooked and divided among the four of us. The meal was rather limited and a trifle tough, but in our condition we could not afford to be over particular.

We found some driftwood and kindled a good fire, but that was the only comfort. Starvation and death had begun to stare at us. In the morning we awoke early, stirred the fire, took a drink of water for breakfast, and set out. The progress was slow on account of frost-bitten feet. At noon, in the absence of dinner, we buckled up our belts a couple of holes. In the afternoon the carcass of an otter was noticed on the ice. It did not take long to start a fire and cook a delicious morsel, though it was, by long odds, the gamiest I ever attempted to swallow.

As we struggled down the river, our feet became so sore and inflamed from freezing that we were obliged to discard boots and shoes and sacrifice a portion of our blankets to wrap around them. We did not throw the boots away but carried them along, suspecting that they might come into use for roasts, when we got so hungry that we could endure no longer. That very night one of them was nicely browned over the fire.

For days we had nothing to eat but parched leather. My memory is clouded concerning a portion of the time, so near was I to death, but to the best of my recollection we lived eight days on our

boots, belts and knife scabbards. It is an utter impossibility to describe the agony of those days.

On the afternoon of the last day before leaving the river, we had noticed Williams looking out toward the east with his hand over his eyes. We asked no explanation, knowing well that if he had any information to impart we would receive it in due time.

That night while we were sitting spondently around the camp-fire, Bill said: "Boys, you saw me looking down the river this afternoon. Well, the river, just below where we are, makes a great ox-bow bend. The distance across the neck between the rivers is about fifteen miles. The distance around by the river is much greater. My advice is to cross this neck and not to try to go around, and I have good reasons for asking you to take this course. This afternoon I saw smoke down the river in the bend. At first I was not sure, it was so very thin and hazy, but later on I became sure it was smoke, and, boys, that smoke don't come from the camp-fire of a white man—it is the smoke of an Indian camp, and if these are Indians on the bend, they are Utes."

We were glad to hear him say they were Utes; we knew that Bill had lived among this tribe and could speak their language, and I had heard that he had a squaw among them. We would engage them to go back with us to the camp in the mountains and rescue our comrades.

Bill sat with his head between his hands for a long time as if in deep thought. Then he looked up and said: "I have an explanation to make. When I was a young man I was adopted by the Utes and lived among them. I was sent to Toas for supplies for my friends and was betrayed into a drunken spree. It was during this that I blindly led the soldiers

against my comrades. It was the meanest act of my life. For my treachery every Ute Indian rightly seeks my scalp."

It is needless to say that we decided to cross the loop. Bill said it was but fifteen miles, but that fifteen miles seemed to stretch out to eternity. In that distance were crowded all the agonies of hell. The weather had cleared up, causing us to suffer from snow-blindness. Only those who have been similarly afflicted can appreciate what agony this means. There was no timber or wood of any description to make a fire. At night we would pack down the snow and make a hole. In this we would spread a blanket; then sitting in a circle, with our feet together, we would



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

KING LAYS DOWN.

draw the remaining parts of the blanket over our heads to shelter us from the piercing night wind. Every day our blankets grew smaller. Those around our feet would wear out, and we were obliged to tear off new strips to protect them. God only knows how we suffered down in those holes in the snow. Sleep was out of the question except for a few minutes at a time.

Through the day we went staggering on, limping and toiling, and growing weaker every hour. We talked but little and suffered in silence. I do not recollect that there was ever a word of regret for having started on this mission to do or

die. Our stock of burnt boots was now gone. We began to chew the leather of our knife scabbards as we staggered on. When these were gone we began on our belts.

There was no game in sight, although we still carried our guns. During those terrible days, while crossing this fifteen miles of snow, our one thought was to get to the river where we pictured game in plenty. When we were within about a quarter of a mile of the water, King stopped and said, "I can go no further, I am sorry, but I am tired out, and will sit here until I am rested. You three leave me and push on to the river and make your camp. When I am a little rested, I will follow."

We urged the poor fellow to make one more effort, offering to assist him, and telling him that when we reached the river the worst of the journey would be over, and we should find plenty of game. Knowing that he was starving, we tried to stimulate him with the hope of a good meal. It was of no use. He was even then too far gone to hope. Poor King! He was about to cross that other river from whose bourne no traveler returns. Sadly we left him lying in the trail "to rest," as he said, but "at rest" would more properly convey the idea of our feeling.

It required two hours to traverse that quarter of a mile. We suffered the greatest agony with our frozen feet. At last we arrived at the river about four o'clock in the afternoon, and setting fire to a large heap of driftwood hugged it close for warmth. We could not but think of King, and Kreutzfeldt volunteered to go back and help him into camp. Williams declared the exertion would be useless. He knew King was dead even before we had reached the river. I asked him why, and learned that while we were toiling through the snow he had looked back and had seen a raven circling over the place where we had left our comrade. The circles had grown smaller and smaller, until the bird lit on the snow where King lay. This was a sign of death, which Williams had declared he had never known to fail. Kreutzfeldt, however, was determined to go.

When he returned after some hours he reported that King was dead, and from

the position of the body evidently had not moved after we left him. Kreutzfeldt now became very despondent. His mind seemed to dwell upon the poor fellow's death. When he had approached King he thought the latter was asleep, and was much startled at finding his old companion dead. I could see that the shock was affecting his mind. He could talk of nothing else.

That night I dreamed of my mother's kitchen at Christmas-time: of the roast meats and turkeys, the pumpkin pies, and the cakes and fruit. Then I would awake to experience the terrible feeling of emptiness, the indescribably painful craving for food.

In the morning we broke camp and started down the river not caring if we were not alive by night. As at this time I was the strongest of the party, I went ahead and broke the trail. Towards night Kreutzfeldt played out entirely, and lying down refused to go further. Before we had left the camp in the mountains it had been agreed that if any of our party gave out, no time should be wasted on him. We were to push on and leave him to his fate.

But we concluded to wait for a short time and do what we could for our comrade. There was driftwood a few rods away which we set afire. Kreutzfeldt was dragged and rolled to a position near the fire.

Williams and I concluded that Kreutzfeldt would die before morning, and that we could do him no good by staying. It was a very trying time. Williams being the older man, I was willing to do as he should advise. His plan was for me to go on down the river, and in the course of time he would slip quietly away from Kreutzfeldt and follow.

I started on sorrowfully, so weak that I could walk but a few steps at a time without falling. Then I would crawl on my hands and knees until it was a relief to walk again. After going a short distance, I went to the bank of the river to look over the mesa, in the hope that I might see some kind of game. Putting some snow to my eyes to cool them so that I could see, I raised my head cautiously above the bank and saw distinctly five deer but a few yards away, standing sideways to me.

I have been in many trying situations in my life, and in many places where death stared me in the face, but there was more excitement crowded into that moment than in all the other years of my life put together. There they stood! What if they should run away! This was the supreme moment. Life or death rested on that shot. Usually I had plenty of nerve, but now, weakened by starvation and nearly blind, I had scarcely strength to lift my rifle, when I did so I could not see through the sights on the barrel. I realized that if I missed that shot, Bill Williams and Tom Breckenridge would never leave the Rio Grande Valley. I trembled like an aspen leaf. Suddenly there came to me the thought of poor Kreutzfeldt, in the snow, dying. If I brought down one of the deer, his life would be saved. My nerves were steady on the instant. I would shoot, and shoot to kill! I dashed more snow into my eyes, and pushing my rifle up over the bank, pointed it in the direction of the deer and pulled the trigger. I was so weak from excitement that I could not walk, and I crawled out on the bank. To my inexpressible delight one deer was down. I crawled as fast as

possible with my knife in my teeth. I was afraid he would get up and elude my grasp in some way. It proved to be a three-pronged buck. I was momentarily insane for joy. I cut the deer open, and tearing out its liver devoured it as ravenously as I have seen hungry wolves devour the flesh of a buffalo. It was the sweetest morsel I ever ate.

With my knife I cut off a piece and started back stronger, a hundred times stronger than when I crawled up the bank on my hands and knees. I had never lost hope, but now it was supreme within me. I was a new man. I could have danced for joy had it not been for my poor mutilated feet.

I hastened up the river where I had left Kreutzfeldt by the fire, carrying the venison with me. Williams was the happiest man I ever saw when his eyes fell upon my burden. He came and took the meat in his long bony hands, and began tearing off great mouthfuls of the raw flesh, like a savage animal. I hurried on to Kreutzfeldt. Poor fellow! There was but little life left. After a while he roused up to ask if he had not heard the report of a gun. I held the meat to his mouth. The change was instant-



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE THREE MESSENGERS BY FREMONT'S PARTY.



neous. It put new life into him. He seemed to be dazed. All at once, it seemed to occur to him that we were saved. He sprang to his feet and hugged and kissed me, calling me his savior and preserver, and exhibiting more strength than one would expect in a man who had lain down to die. Moving our camp nearer the spot where the deer was killed, we built another fire. Kreutzfeldt was so elated after his meal of raw meat that he went out and brought in the carcass of the deer, a piece at a time—entrails and all. We felt that we might have use for everything.

That night we were three of the happiest men on earth. We sat up and cooked and ate venison until midnight, then turned into our remnants of blankets. We cooked and ate deer meat all the next day. Strange as it may seem, none of us were inconvenienced in the least from over-eating.

While we were making ready to start the next morning, we saw a party of four coming on horseback from the river. On the instant all was excitement. It was natural for us to suppose they were Indians, and if so, it meant fight. To be sure, we would be outnumbered, but we felt strong now after our feasting, and just the least bit inclined for a skirmish, and as we placed ourselves in positions that would give us the most advantage, Williams remarked that when the fight would be over the Indians "would have more hair or we more blankets."

We watched the party as it came slowly on. Suddenly Williams rose to his feet, and swinging his gun in the air, shouted with all the strength of his lungs.

At the head of the party was Fremont himself. At first he did not recognize us, so changed and emaciated were we. Fremont's party had left the camp in the mountains with the intention of following the river until they should meet the relief party, for they had confidence that we would eventually reach the settlement. His men were scattered along the river, suffering the terrible agonies of hunger and cold. Fremont had met a party of six Ute Indians, who were trapping on the river. He sent their ponies and such provisions as they could spare, with one of their number as a guide, back to the

relief of his men now pushing on as fast as possible in search of further assistance.

Fremont remained just long enough to cook some venison, then pushed on, ordering us to follow as fast as we could, to the settlement which the Utes said was about forty miles down the stream, and leaving ten or fifteen pounds of jerked venison.

We immediately started on our journey, strong in the faith that we could get through—full of hope. Only forty miles! The distance was nothing—we felt strong.

But our frozen feet soon gave out. We were compelled to get down on our hands and knees. For nearly the entire distance we crawled on ice or through snow. Before half the distance was covered our remnants of blankets had been used to wrap around frozen limbs. Our suffering was almost beyond description. Those who have been affected with snow-blindness can appreciate our situation. Our feet had been so frozen and thawed that the flesh began to come off. It was a painful operation to dress those horrible sores. We were obliged to use day after day the same old pieces of woolen blankets covered with deer's tallow. Truly, that last forty miles was a trail of blood. It required ten days to reach the settlement—ten days of the most excruciating pain. Looking back, after so many years, I cannot understand how we lived through it.

We finally reached the settlement, about ten o'clock at night. The people had been expecting us, as Fremont and his party had stopped there and informed them that we were on the way. The settlement was located in a small valley, and was called the "Red River Settlement." We were received very kindly by the Mexicans, who did everything to alleviate our distress. The Alcalde's wife, a Mexican woman, attended to our frozen limbs, bathing them several times a day with juniper tea. During the next three weeks the survivors of Colonel Fremont's party were brought in, many of them in a critical condition. When we first reached the Rio Grande there had been thirty-two of us—eleven had died from exposure and starvation.

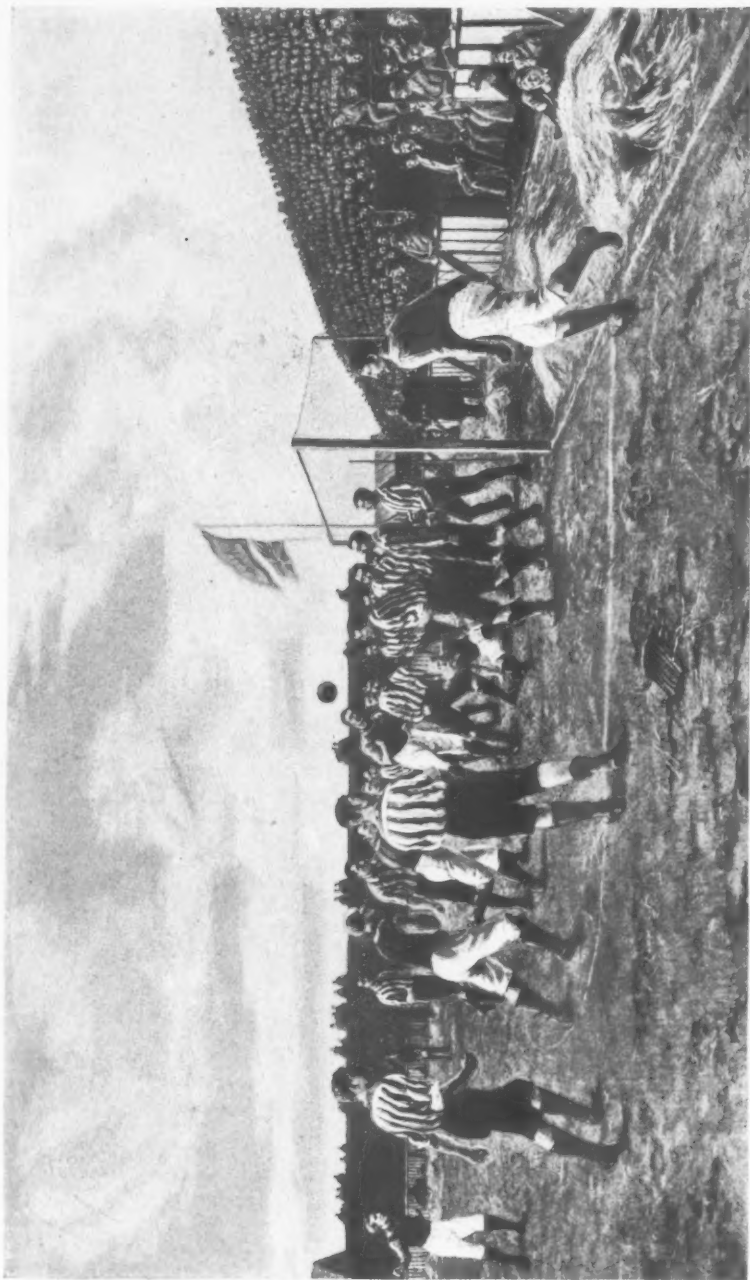
I have been in the mountains many winters, but never experienced a storm that equaled in severity that of 1848.





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## UNDER THE SHADOW OF TYBURN-TREE.

BY CAROLINE BROWN.

THE hop vine with its coned-shaped bloom, draped the doorway of the low stone dairy. The silken rustle of the pigeon's wings as they flew from the ground to the dove cote perched high on a pole in the barn-yard near by, and the monotonous beat of the churn-dasher wielded by the strong arms of the dairy maid, as it rose and fell in the foaming yellow cream, were the only sounds that disturbed the silence of the early September day.

She stood before the churn, her gown pinned up around her like an fish-wife. The white cap on her head surmounted a face of sour and weather beaten aspect. Her stout brown arms were bare to the shoulders, and she beat away stolidly at the cream with sturdy strokes. Presently she raised the churn lid, peeped in, then stepped to the door, and called to the kitchen a few yards away, "Mistress, the butter's come!"

"Aye! Well, Judith I'll not be a minute!"

At the end of that time the farmer's wife stepped from the kitchen door tying about her a blue apron, while at her heels followed a plump, rosy girl. She, too, was tying around her slim waist an apron, but of more youthful and frivolous make.

This mother and daughter were decided contrasts, yet in their figures could be seen a likeness. The mother, still comely, was of brown complexion, with eyes and hair of lustrous black; cheeks pale and somewhat fallen away; a tall, lithe figure, from which the roundness of youth—that old age might kindly restore—had given way to the spareness of middle age. Over her countenance brooded a pious sadness, for she had known much and recent trouble. She was esteemed far and near

for her prudence and economy and her skill in house-wifery.

The daughter was of like build but had the plumpness of maidenhood. Her skin was white as milk with the pink of meadow roses in the cheeks; dove's eyes, and tendrilly bronze hair. A wilful but winsome expression combined with that sacred innocence of girlhood blent in her face, showing at once high spirit, strong courage and a pure and tender heart. She was impetuous and laughter-loving and somewhat spoiled. Her education had been beyond that of maids of her station; although, on her mother's side, she was descended from a broken-down family of the gentry.

Her father, John Comber, was a yeoman, whose free-hold consisting of three hundred acres, lay in the most southern part of S—shire, and though in a valley, was yet really on a part of Edgerly Hill, from whose summit, stretched far and wide, a most prodigious prospect could be seen. On a serene day glimpses of the sea could be caught; and of three or four adjacent counties; the Severn far away, gleamed like a thread of glass, and the brooks between criss-crossed like gossamer webs in the September sunshine; the spires of the county town pierced the clear sky fine as needle points.

The old low stone house was sweetly environed by a noble wood, sloping hills and grassy valleys where fed Farmer Comber's herds and flocks. Delicious streams wandered through the dusk of the wood to find the river. The house itself was low and rambling, but of some pretensions in size, and had once been the seat of noble hospitality, but the wanton purse of Farmer Comber's forbears had reduced the domain, and the

NOTE.—This curious story was found in the archives of the H— family, of Boston, and is of undoubted authenticity. They are a family proud of their Puritan ancestry, directly descended from the pair mentioned in the story, and a careful record of their deeds of valor and heroism has always been kept. That this is regarded as such is proven by the careful detailed record of her act; an act, considering the times, of unparalleled courage and devoted love. It was made possible by the existence of a curious law, not even at that time in active use, but not yet repealed, known as "Begging a Husband." The gist of the law was, that if a woman, as the execution was about to occur, asked publicly of the sheriff the condemned man for a husband, his life could be saved no matter what the crime, if he chose to accept her for a wife. If not the execution went on. There have been but two or three instances recorded of the law having been brought into force as it subjected the woman to shameful criticism: and it was either a very bold and shameless, or simple and loving woman who could brave public opinion in such a manner.

troublesome times had made it impossible now. The wars of the Stuarts, petty and great, had diminished the farmer's resources so much that his wife, Mistress Elenor, and his daughter, Mistress Sylvia, were compelled to assist in the homeliest household tasks, and he himself labored with his plow-boys.

In this year of our Lord 16—, Cromwell was holding the followers of the Stuarts in check; but numerous small uprisings were harassing both sides, more particularly in rural communities. To add to the terrors of the times highway robbers molested all who rode by day or night.

In June there had been a rising in Kent. Farmer Comber's only son, Stephen, an impetuous lad of nineteen, afire with the martial spirit of the time, had slipped away in the night to join in it, and no word from him had reached them since. Two sons had already yielded up their lives, and the flight of the last one had well nigh broke the heart of the sturdy old yeoman.

Farmer Comber and all the household were staunchly for the king; but many of his neighbors were rebels, and sympathized with Cromwell in his horrid villanies. In their immediate vicinities there had been no outbreak for some time, and on this blythe September day all was quiet and peaceful within the farm.

Said Mistress Elenor to her daughter, who was awkwardly wielding a wooden paddle, trying to form the butter into shapely pats:

"Take it so, my pigsney! thou hast too hot a hand!" at the same time deftly patting the butter into the cone-shape she used as the distinctive mark of the Comber dairy.

"Thou'lt ne'er be a good butter-maker if thou beat it so the grain'll be broke."

The maid looked on with as much douler as such a blythe countenance could show; red lips pouting till their cupid's bow was only a little red button; brows drawn over the beaming eyes; but the tendrilly hair still gently waved in the same soft wind that swayed the vines over the door.

"Bid Judith do it if my hand be too hot," she said with a toss of her wilful head, "and I will be off to 'broider or read the tale-book Agnes Moreley loaned

me, which she got but a sennight since from London."

"Aye, the tale-book and the school at the church porch have well nigh ruined thee for homekeeping tasks. Thou'lt be wanting next to go the Mistress Bathsua Makin's school at Putney!"

"That I would!" said the naughty damsel, "I love book lore. But, oh! that I were a man that I might defend my King! Why can't maids do dought deeds!"

The mother's eyes filled with tears, and seeing them the maid's mood changed, and she threw her arms about the mother and cried:

"No, mother dear, I could ne'er leave thee! I'm both son and daughter to thee now!"

The mother lovingly stroked the rippling brown hair, then turned again to her work. The damsel submissively took up the wooden paddle and began again the despised task. The patting and shaping went bravely on for a few moments, when all at once the silence was broken by a loud voice calling impatiently:

"Mistress Elenor! Judith! Be there none to make answer?"

Hastily depositing the trencher on the shelf both mother and daughter ran out of the dairy, followed by Judith. The sight that met them drew from them loud exclamations.

"Whatever be the matter?"

"Oh, father, thou'rt bleeding!"

"Hold thy noise, will ye!" cried Farmer Comber roughly, for it was he, but in such a plight! Jerkin torn, covered with dust and dirt of the highway; face bleeding, but otherwise livid with rage.

"I've been sore set upon down Thistleworth-way by three padders in broad light o' day. My pad-nag's stole, and all the money 'i' my pannier's pilfered; the silver I got for the cattle I sold at Shrewsbury yestermorn!"

"Who did it, father?" quired the maid. "Knowest thou?"

"I bethink me it were Dick Darcy o' Thistleworth. They say he's took to the road. Fine work for a gentleman born!" said Comber scornfully. "He was ever a hattle lad!" Anyway he were behounded like one o' Charlie's own courtiers, only he sported the black rag to cover his dastard's face. But he touched



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

"HOLD THY NOISE, WILL YE."

me not; his two henchmen fought like hell-hounds. And i' faith, so did I"

"How didst thou fall in with that company?" quired Mistress Elenor.

"'Twas like this: I was ambling along on my pad-nag behoveful of my good bargain, not heedful of anything by the wayside, till I came to the deep thicket nigh to Procession Oak, when out jumped three ruffians with staves, one of whom gave orders while the other two set upon my beast. Then threw me down and hauled me into the thicket and tied me to a tree, with most prodigious oaths and threats if I did but stir!

"It's no jape you're telling?" faltered Mistress Elenor.

"Do I look like japin', woman!" indignantly exclaimed the farmer. Then proceeding with the narrative, said:

"I fought and they belabored me sore with their staves. I prayed them to spare my hand panniers, for I had in them a new fangled ring of red carnelian, and a pair of silver buckles for the pigney's slippers. But they jeered and flouted me while they tied my hands back to back, and my feet together, having before pulled off my boots. Then they rode off

with bloody threats to cut my throat if I but offered to cry out."

"Oh, father it could not be Dick Darcy; he's too much the gentleman!"

"His father afore him, a born gentleman too, sided with the rebels, and this be no worse. 'One scabby sheep mars the whole flock!'"

With this sententious summing up of the Darcies, root and branch, Farmer Comber entered the kitchen with Sylvia hanging on his arm. Mistress Elenor, mindful of her duty, called to the dairy maid.

"Mind the butter, Judith!" and followed them.

"How didst thou loose thyself, father!" asked the maid.

"After near two hours, grievously tormented with flies, I turned my hands palm to palm, and then I worked the string up over my wrist and thumb, and soon freed my hands and unbound myself."

"But thou'rt not hurt, father?"

"Not much, only bruised sore. But I'm robbed of all my summer's cattle money!"

"And I of my ring and buckles!" ruefully added the maid.

"What was the ring like, father?" girlish vanity getting the upper hand of apprehension.

"'Twere a ring of yellow beaten gold, with a heart o' red carnelian set i' the middle, and it made a brave show on the white hand of the captain of the villains as he held the bridle of his black mare. I'd know the beast anywhere! She had four white stockings, and a round white spot as big as a turnip on her rump. She was no pad-nag! She bore him away like the wind!"

Mistress Elenor brought the farmer a flagon of home-brewed ale and then he retired to his chamber to put himself to rights.

## II.

Mistress Sylvia had spent the night with her friend Agnes Moreley and had set out for home. The two farms were situated near three miles apart; Burrow Green the home of the Moreleys, and Saffron Mead the Comber freehold.

Sylvia had made carrying back the tale-book her excuse for the visit, but it was really to quench the longing for gossip, such as young maids love, and they had talked the night through.

During the night there fell so violent a tempest of rain and wind, thunder and lightning that it seemed the sky had been ripped in twain. But the storm had spent itself and this was the bravest of all the jocund September mornings. And despite the pressing of Agnes for her to remain, Sylvia would go home. Since Farmer Comber's pad-nag had been so villainously stolen, the farm held no beast whereon the maid could ride. And Farmer Comber himself had gone before the justice to raise hue and cry about his losses. So Sylvia was obliged to go on foot, and alone. But her father had promised to buy her a palfrey next market-day for her own use.

The morning presented no more win-some sight than the maid as she tripped lightly under favor of the shade through the lane. Betimes she came to a bosky dingle and felt a thrill of timidity as the hills rose steeply on either side. She recalled her father's misadventure, but fortified her courage by thinking that in such a retired unfrequented lane no pad-

der could have business. She walked rapidly on and was soon in hearing of the little beck, which commonly ran with a gentle murmur between its shallow banks. When she reached it she was dismayed to see that the foot-bridge had been carried away in the storm, and a murky sheet of water swept between her and the opposite shore. She walked up and down hoping to effect a crossing, when a voice fell on her ear causing her more disquiet than the loss of the bridge.

"Prithee, Mistress, let me aid thee?"

She turned about and beheld a cavalier approaching from the direction from whence she had just come, mounted excellently well on a spirited black horse, that pawed and snorted impatiently at the water and the estoppel.

After one swift glance she dropped her eyes modestly, for well she knew how a maid should demean herself toward a cavalier, though this was the first she had ever set eyes on.

A brave picture he was, with flowing ringleted hair, eyes black as sloes and bright as the rain-drops in the sun, a plumed cap and long back scarlet-lined cloak, now thrown back displaying his velvet laced coat, and the long lace ruffles which fell over his hands. His dress was not appropriate to riding, but was the perfect toilette of a gentlemen of fashion when ready to dine.

"I thank thee for thy exceeding courtesy, sir, but I will turn back to my friends at Burrow Green."

"If thou wilt but mount behind me my horse will bear thee safely over the stream."

For a moment Mistress Sylvia hesitated, for she had heard tales to the discredit of gallants, but this one was of so noble, though bold countenance, that her fear was dispelled. She extended her hand to him, and placed her neatly slipped foot, bearing marks of the mud, on the toe of his boot, and with a deft swing he landed her behind him. Her arm went 'round his body, and as the horse jaunted and resisted plunging into the muddy stream, she gave a little scream of fright and clasped him tightly with both arms. He spurred his horse into the water and they were soon on the other bank, no worse for their adventure than a few drops of muddy water sprinkled on Mistress



Sylvia's new stuff frock brought from London. The gallant took from his pocket a lace-bordered handkerchief and courteously wiped them off. As he did so a unique ring on the slender index finger of his right hand caught her eye. It had a heart of red carnelian in it.

"How much further lies your way, Mistress?"

"But a mile down Deep Deen-way."

"Then may not my good horse bear thee to where our ways separate? I take to Chantry lane."

He was loath to lose the maid's company, for she was indeed a winsome sight. And her eye's sparkle gave promise of spirit and coquetry, while her whole aspect betokened childlike innocence as well as rustic beauty.

She, taking notice of his goodly stature, comeliness of his countenance, and tastiness of his dress so different from the youngers of those parts, was in no wise inclined to loose sight of so fine and agreeable a gallant either. Her head was full of the heroes of the tales she had just read, and behold, here was one sent by fate!

She blushing consented and gave him a shy look from her dove-blue eyes as he turned his head over his shoulder to make his request. He was evidently a man of fashion and versed in the ways of the world, for he paid her high flown compliments which deepened the bloom on her cheek and set her silly heart aflutter. With much adroitness he drew from her all her simple history. She prattled on innocently, like an artless child, and noticing the ring on his finger as his hand lay lightly on the pommel loosely holding the reins, said:

"It minds me of my father. No longer than yester sennight he was set upon and sore belabored by padders, who made off with all his cattle money, and my new ring and sandle buckles of silver."

The gallant expressed sympathy, and said:

"Hast no tidings of the base villains?"

"No, none. They are thought to have gone London-way. But I wish they had left me my ring. I've ne'er had one."

"A maid needs none but to plight troth" he said, "or a wedding ring."

She blushed and said softly so that the

words stirred scarcely more from the lips than the little airs around her.

"Then I'll ne'er have one! for would I wear a ring from any of these clowns hereabout, think you?"

"Ah, heaven has placed thee in green fields a floweret for tender hands to pluck!"

His noble horse had been ambling with loose rein all the way, head down, while this talk was going forward, but on a sudden he stood still and turned his head round to look his master in the face. He had come to the crossing of the roads.

"So soon!" exclaimed the gallant.

Quickly slipping to the ground, he took the maid in his arms and gently placed her on the shining green turf beside him. Then raising her not unwilling hand to his lips, said:

"Thou has been as good as 'George o' Green,' but knew it not. Heaven keep your innocence!"

He remounted, raised his plumed cap, galloped off a little way, then wheeling, came back to where the maid still stood looking after him with tender eyes. Leaning down over her he said:

"Give thy hand," and quickly slipped on it the ring with the red carnelian heart, saying as he did so:

"Tell no one," and was off before Mistress Sylvia could say a word. She watched him as his horse listed away, his white fore-feet beating the air, and changing alternately to his white hind-feet in the gallop till he was lost among the trees by the downward dip of the lane. Then sighing and twisting the ring around her finger she turned her homeward.

### III.

For days after the visit to Burrow Green, Mistress Sylvia went about the house adaze. Her red lips smiled at nothing, then at a swift change of thought pouted for the same reason. Her eyes grew tender, then laughing. She nervously fingered her best blue ribbon which she wore every day now about her soft, round throat. And she forgot the tasks Dame Comber set, till her mother thought her well nigh daft.

It was now mid-October. The hayricks were all in the yards next to the sheep-cote, and the thrifty farmer was

gradually making everything in readiness for the winter, which the prophets declared, would be a hard one. For were not the nuts vastly plentiful, and the fleece of the sheep thicker than ever was known? And everyone knows the good Father always provides for his creatures in such a case.

The time for the noon-tide meal was at hand, and Mistress Sylvia was in the dairy getting the milk for farmer Comber's dinner. As usual with her of late she had fallen into revery, and stood near the window gazing down Chantry-way, which lane ran back of the house. Her head leant on her one hand, while the other grasping the milk skimmer, hung listlessly at her side. Her lips curved in a tender smile showing the scalloped edges of her small white teeth, and the sparkle of her dove-blue eyes was softened by a mist like unto an awakening babe's. In the rose bloom of her cheek a dimple winked in and out at every change of feeling. She drew from her bosom the ring threaded on a blue ribbon and was fitting it on her finger,—the same that he—the subject of her thoughts—had placed it, when she was startled to hear her name gently called:

"Mistress Sylvia make no noise to bewray me."

She leaned a little out of the casement, and saw him of whom her mind was full. At first she took him to be a part of her musings. A look into his pale hunted face brought to her a realization of danger.

"What brings thee here, sir?" she faltered low.

"The soldiers pursue me, and are even now turning into Chantry lane!"

As he spoke there came faintly on the calm yellow air the thud of horses feet, and faint hurtle of arms.

"Canst hide me?"

Quick as a flash she said:

"Yes. Make for the ricks!"

He did as she bade, and she slipping over to the rick-yard, said:

"Burrow into the rick's middle. Bide here till I warn thee!"

This he did speedily and she pulled the hay in place, and covered the breathing-hole skillfully with a truss, then quickly let in the old red cow and suckling calf and let them munch at the same rick wherein the gallant lay concealed.

Mistress Sylvia sped back to the house with the pitcher of milk and was dutifully pouring it for her father, when a great clatter and hurley arose in the yard. In a moment an officer and his men came in with scant ceremony at the open hall door.

"Entrance in the King's name!" he cried.

"What's your will?" said the farmer, his face blanching, for those were perilous times, but otherwise showing no fear.

"We seek a highwayman, leader of a band of rebels. We must search your house. We saw him creep through a shard but now, and he must be hidden somewhere about."

"I've seen none," said the farmer, "But do your will!" and he waved his right arm about to indicate that the whole place was open to the search.

The soldiers proceeded to their duty, and not a crack or cranny, nor cupboard nor loft, was there that was not peered into. Just as they had finished Jock rushed in from the meadow, bellowing:

"The young cattle's i' the ricks! Som'muns left open the gate!"

Sylvia turned pale and quaked with fright. Her father and all the soldiers, bent now on being friendly as the farmer had not hindered but helped in the search, set off to the ricks to do him a good turn. In a moment the cattle were turned out. The rick where the cavalier lay hidden was badly torn, but Sylvia was joyed to see that only stupid Jock was left to right it, while the soldiers proceeded to search the out-buildings.

They found naught, and the officer said:

"S' death! 'Scaped us again! He rides the witches' broom stick, or he's the Devil's own!"

The farmer fed the soldiers bountifully, nor spared his good home-brewed ale, so, when they left it was with great good-will to farmer Comber and all his. Then Mistress Sylvia breathed freely, for she knew the danger was past. The idle compliments of the the officers she could not brook, and at the over-bold gaze of the boorish soldiers she felt offended.

That same evening at early rise of moon she stole to the rick where the red cow had eaten and carried with her food and drink for the prisoner. He hastily ate



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

"MY LORD, I BESPEAK THAT MAN OF YOU FOR A HUSBAND."

and drank. Meantime she noticed he no longer wore his brave finery, but had on a jerkin of coarse homespun cloth and leather breeches such as boors commonly wore, over all was thrown a rough gray cloak. But to her indulgent fancy he was just as goodly as when attired in his gentleman's dress.

When he had done eating he took her hand and tenderly kissed it, then lowered his head till his lips nearly touched hers, but on a swift thought, the shadow of which lingered in his softened eyes, raised it again, and said in a voice full of feeling :

"I knew when first I set eyes on thee thou wert a good angel, but little did I think how soon thou'dst be a ministering spirit to me!"

"Go! go!" she urged, "I fear me some one will come! Take safety in flight!"

In the darkness he crept away under cover of the hedge and turned back to the lane by which he had come.

#### IV.

Three months passed and Mistress Sylvia had no tidings of the gallant whom she had saved. But she knew he was alive; for was not her carnelian heart bright and red as the blood that flowed in his lusty veins? And would it not pale and fade when that strong red current ceased to flow?

Nor had Farmer Comber ever got back a farthing of his silver from the sale of his beast, neither had his pad-nag been found. In its stall stood Mistress Sylvia's dun palfrey bought last market-day. The farmer had lodged his complaint with the magistrate, and one gusty morning in January there rode up to the door an bailiff and sundry followers, with a writ summoning "John Comber, Yeoman, to appear at the assizes and prove property found in the posesession of one Richard Darcy, Gent., of Thistleworth, and to appear as witness against the same Richard Darcy, Gent., accused of highway robbery and sundry felonies against his gracious majesty, the King."

While the man read the summons to her father, Mistress Sylvia was modestly peeping from her casement window behind the muslin curtains.

At the close of the reading they all passed into the kitchen to partake of the farmer's hospitality so urgently pressed upon them; for they had ridden a matter of twenty miles through muck and mire, in the teeth of a frosty wind. The bailiff was last. He had paused to pat the neck of his horse, a noble beast, black as night with four white feet and a round white spot on the rump. Mistress Sylvia knew the horse at a glance. For had she not sat on its back and rode with her arms clasping the middle of the charmingest gallant that ever was seen. But how came this lout by that steed? As if in answer to her question asked mentally, the man turned to Farmer Comber and said in seeming reply to his words :

"Aye. 'Tis a noble beast! It was that baw-cock's, Dick Darcy o' Thistleworth. 'Tis mine now for hounding him down!"

Sylvia shrank back behind the curtain, but was not much shocked. For were not the most gallant of men reduced to such practises in those troubled times? So then, her gallant gentleman was Dick o' Thistleworth, a name as well known in those parts as the King's or Cromwell's!"

What maid of true and tender heart was ever known to think less of a man when in dire calamity? She watched her father ride away with fearful heart. What would they do to poor Dick? Her mind was filled with dark foreboding, for she had heard gruesome tales of clanking chains and whirring birds rising in clouds from long black objects, the stench from which was borne for miles by the very winds which swayed them in their gyves. Perhaps he too would go by Tyburn-Tree way and hang in chains to rot!

At thought of all this comeliness doomed to such fearful plight her heart grew hot, and love that had only smouldered like the waiting spark within the flint, was struck into burning flame by the steel of suffering.

All that night she lay, now planning, now weeping, now suffering silently, then praying, as women have done since the first death for men they love, but to no avail. Nothing opened up a way to save him!

All the next week she went lifelessly about her tasks, waiting for a message from her father which he had promised to

send by Jock who had gone along to fetch back the stolen pad-nag.

At the end of the week in the cold dimness of the early winter evening, Jock returned bearing a letter from farmer Comber to his wife. He said:

"I got back all the bloody villains robbed me of, and my evidence condemned the man. Without favor he will be hanged to-morrow on the gallows, at the end of Hingham, a most doleful, lonesome place, reached only by a muddy lane. Dastard that he is! His carcass will be hung in chains and left food for the ravens. There is no escape for him, as the sheriff will not take a fine. There is only one way he might go scot-free, but that is not likely; for in these times no maid could be found of such unseemingly boldness."

Then followed an explanation of Dick's only chance of escape. Sylvia listened eagerly. Here was the one chance! The only one! She would take it, bold and unseemly it might be.

As night drew in she made her plans, and when all were safe abed she slipped from the house to the stable where stood her own palfrey. She quickly threw on the pillion and mounted. Then took the road for Shrewsbury. The dark, cold night through she rode, one great fear swallowing up lesser ones. She could only go at a foot-pace and at the break of day found herself approaching the town through a mirey lane. Already people were abroad on horse, and on foot, moving toward the town. The fame of "Gentleman Dick" had gone forth, and it would be a brave sight to see him hang.

The gray light brightened, and for a moment the sun shone through parted clouds, then retreated sullenly. At times Mistress Sylvia's resolution wavered, with a maid's natural timidity. Again she was full of ecstatic elation at the thought of being able to save that most noble gallant.

At the edge of the town she stopped at the cottage of a former maid servant of her mother's to wait the hour set. As it neared her courage grew stronger, while she trembled at the unmaidenly boldness of her design. When the hour had come, at her earnest appeal, Martha Hoskins went with her down Hingham lane afoot. It was alive with folk bent on seeing the

hanging, who stared and jeered at them for drabs out to see such a sight.

When they reached the place Sylvia turned pale and quaked in fear to see high in air a gallows-tree of new white timber, from which dangled two new hempen ropes and the horrid chains which now and again clanked together making baleful music. In them his lifeless carcass was to be left for the birds after the rope had done its cruel work.

All eyes were turned down the lane, whence soon issued a slow procession of sheriff, bailiffs, witnesses and but one prisoner, guarded by men holding staves in their hands, and now and again belaboring some wight who pressed too close to the prisoner. A whisper ran through the crowd that the King had accepted ransom money from the other one and he was free. But there was no freedom for "Dick the padder!"

The train came to a stand under the gallows tree, and all were tersely silent while the death warrant was read.

The prisoner was pale but kept his proud and haughty bearing. His black eyes flashed, and not a tremor shook his stalwart frame when the chains were flung together by a fierce blast of icy wind till they rang again. The crowd stood agape in the silence of satiated curiosity, when suddenly from the midst of it broke a young maid, so pale and agitated that none could look upon her but in pity. The prisoner's eyes were bent upon the ground and he alone of all the gaping crowd saw her not. She made her way to the sheriff, and standing before him said in clear, low, but decisive tones:

"My Lord, I bespeak that man of you for a husband."

Darcy raised his eyes, half a smile hovering on his lips, expecting to see some ill-favored wench who would thus boldly "beg" a husband under the shadow of the gallows. But when he saw the maid, whose image lay in his heart, and beheld the wanness of her erstwhile round pink cheeks now hollowed in by woe; and the flash of the dove-blue eyes quenched by many tears, he faltered for the first time, and his falcon-like eyes filled. He half extended his shackled hands, then let them drop again as he

bent over the maid so near him, and said in low trembling tone :

" Truly Mistress Sylvia, thou hast done much for me, but I never dared hope that thou would'st have 'begged' me !"

The sheriff and the officers, taken aback, consulted together, then the sheriff said to the wondering men :

" The execution must be stayed while the matter hath examination. There is such a law, and it has never been repealed, but seldom has it been brought into force as to-day."

Turning to " Gentleman Dick," who stood looking at Mistress Sylvia, surprise and love showing in his handsome face, he said :

" It's 'Rope or Ring' with thee, good sir ; the parson or the hangman ! Thou'st the power of choice it seems, since this fair maid hath 'begged' thee. It is no task to guess which 'twill be, and right glad am I too, that it should be so ! For a more winsome maid and a braver gentleman I'm not likely again to see made one under the shadow of Tyburn-Tree !"



## GOSSIP.

BY H. W. BOYNTON.

'SIR Swallow, thou art half-seas over ;  
So early in the morning, too !  
Pray was it too much wine of clover,  
Or tiplings of some choicer brew ?  
I would not have thee for a lover,  
If half the gossips say be true.'

'Nay, nay, sweet Wind-maid, think me not jolly ;  
I've had no draughts of beady dew.  
Say I am mad with melancholy—  
Delirious with love for you . . . . .  
And that, indeed, were saddest folly,  
If half the gossips say be true !'

'Alas, none woos me staidly—see,  
Squire Grasshopper comes reeling, too.  
Some maids, 'tis said, more fickle be—  
Loose Mistress Thistle, say—than you.'  
*Exeunt.* (And 'keeping company,'  
If half the gossips say be true.)



## COUNT FRONTENAC IN NEW FRANCE.

BY GEORGE STEWART.

WHEN, through ill-health, the *Sieur de Courcelle* was permitted to return home, in 1672, *Louis de Buade*, Count of *Pallau* and *Frontenac*, was appointed to succeed him in the governorship of New France. *Frontenac* was in every respect a most superior man. He was both courtier and soldier, and had served his king in the old land with great gallantry and devotion. His family was of Basque origin, and for several generations had held high positions at court. His grandfather, *Antoine de Buade*, a favorite of *Henri IV.*, was entrusted with the delicate task of carrying the portrait of her royal lover to *Marie de Médicis*, in 1600. His father was *Henri de Buade*, an officer in the household of *Louis XIII.*, Baron of *Pallau* and colonel of a *Navarre* regiment. His mother was *Anne Phélippeaux*, the accomplished daughter of the secretary of state.

The subject of our sketch was born in 1620. When he entered the army he was but fifteen years of age. His military career proved an eventful one. He was present at the sieges of *Hesdin* and of *Aire*, and took part in the struggles before *Callioure* and *Perpignan*, at the early age of twenty-two. In the next year he secured the colonelcy of his regiment, and fought through the whole of the Italian campaign, being wounded several times and encountering many hairbreadth escapes. At *Ortobello* his arm was fractured, when, on becoming a *maréchal de camp*, his military life came to a close for a time, and he went to reside in Paris, in his father's house. In 1648 he married the young and lovely *Anne de la Grange Trianon*, a court beauty of remarkable wit and intelligence, and the friend and companion of the famous *Mademoiselle de Montpensier*. The countess' portrait, painted as *Minerva*, may still be seen at *Versailles*. There was much opposition to the match at the time, on the part of the bride's friends, but reconciliation was not slow in coming. Never, however, was a couple so unfortunate, so far as love is concerned. They had only been married a few weeks, when the dis-

covery was made that they were entirely unsuited for one another. Quarrels between the two were of frequent occurrence, and what was only a coldness at first soon became hate. The countess gave birth to one son (he was killed while fighting *King Louis'* battles in Germany), and then she left the roof of *Frontenac*, and took up her abode with her friend, the granddaughter of *Henri IV.* The new alliance did not last long, for both ladies were high-spirited, and the fair countess was dismissed the court.

Scandal was busy with the name of *Frontenac*, and the *Mrs. Grundy* of the period detected an intimacy between the gallant courtier and *Madame Montespan*, a dame of wonderful beauty, and the favorite mistress of *Louis XIV.* The latter is said to have heard the story, and made up his mind to rid his kingdom of so dangerous a rival. *Turenne* selected the count, doubtless at the request of the sovereign, to proceed against the Turks in *Candia*. He fought well, but the infidels triumphed. Of *Frontenac's* brilliant leadership the chronicles affirm only praise. In 1672, as a further reward for his bravery, he was appointed governor of New France. His wife declined to cross the seas with him, and being offered a suite of rooms at the Arsenal, she went there, and, with her friend, *Mademoiselle d'Outrelaise*, established a salon which soon became the center of the wit and gayety of the time. "Les divines" the ladies were called, and their society was much sought after. The countess corresponded with her husband, and it is said that her influence at court was often exercised in his behalf. At the age of seventy-five she died at the Arsenal.

*Frontenac* was a little more than two score years and ten when he arrived at *Quebec* to take the reins of his administration. As *Parkman*, the able historian of France in America, says:

"Had nature disposed him to melancholy, there was much in his position to awaken it. A man of courts and camps, born and bred in the focus of a most gorgeous civilization, he was banished to the

ends of the earth, among savage hordes and half-reclaimed forests, to exchange the splendors of St. Germain and the dawning glories of Versailles for a stern gray rock, haunted by somber priests, rugged merchants and traders, blanketed Indians, and the wild bushrangers. But Frontenac was a man of action. He wasted no time in vain regrets, and set himself to his work with the elastic vigor of youth. His first impressions had been very favorable. When, as he sailed up the St. Lawrence, the basin of Quebec opened before him, his imagination kindled with the grandeur of the scene. 'I never,' he wrote, 'saw anything more superb than the position of this town. It could not be better situated as the future capital of a great empire.' "

Everything, indeed, pointed to Quebec as a great prize. The king and Colbert, the powerful minister of France, had expended vast sums of money in colonizing and defending it. Men of the best blood of the kingdom were on the spot, charged with the task of developing its resources. Frontenac, imbued with the same spirit as his sovereign, at once began to put into execution the object of his mission. He called a council at Quebec, and compelled the leading men of the colony to swear fidelity to the king. He formed a government, based on the monarchical plan, and created three estates of the little realm—the clergy, nobles and commons. The Jesuits and the seminary priests comprised the first estate. The nobility was formed out of three or four gentilshommes, at that time living in Quebec, and a few officers of good family. The merchants and citizens belonged to the commons. To the latter belonged also the magistrates and members of the council, though, as a matter of fact, they were formed into a distinct body. On the 23d of October, 1672, this important convention was held, and Frontenac, who spoke as well as he wrote, addressed the throng in a speech of great length, in which he elaborated his views and principles. Advice was scattered with a liberal hand, and the priests were enjoined to spare no pains in their attempts to christianize and civilize the Indians. To each body of citizens the governor had something to say. All took the oath at the conclusion of the address, and the assembly dissolved.

Frontenac was an untiring worker. His next step was to establish municipal government, modelled after the practice which prevailed in most of the towns of France. He ordered the election of a mayor and two aldermen, who were to take the place of the syndic, and it was provided that one of the number should retire from office every year. A series of regulations for the government of the capital was framed, and the people were notified that public meetings would be held twice a year, on which occasions all questions relating to the colony could be discussed. The idea which the governor had in his mind was an exceedingly good one, but it proved most distasteful to the king, and, in a dispatch of the 13th of June, 1673, Colbert wrote: "The assembling and division of all the inhabitants into three orders or estates, which you have done, for the purpose of having them take the oath of fidelity, may have been productive of much good just then. But it is well for you to observe that you are always to follow, in the government and management of that country, the forms in force here; and as our kings have considered it, for a long time, advantageous to their service not to assemble the states-general of their kingdom, with a view, perhaps, to abolish insensibly that ancient form, you, likewise, ought very rarely, or (to speak more correctly) never, give that form to the corporate body of the inhabitants of that country; and it will be necessary even, in the course of a little time, and when the colony will be still stronger than it now is, insensibly to suppress the syndic, who presents petitions in the name of all the inhabitants, it being proper that each should speak for himself, and that no one should speak for the whole." There was no alternative left to Frontenac but to withdraw his plan.

The arbitrary and domineering character of the count's nature soon asserted itself. In enforcing discipline he was a martinet, and it was his custom on all occasions to exact respect from everyone who came in contact with him. His first quarrel was with the Jesuits and the seminary priests. With his intendant, Talon, an exceedingly wily man, he was seldom on good terms. The latter spied upon his every movement, and regularly reported his impressions to the court. Fortunately

for the governor, however, the intendant was recalled before he had been able to damage his chief in the eyes of the home government. Frontenac's great trouble was with the Jesuits, who lost no opportunity of thwarting his schemes almost at their inception. He got on well with the weaker clerical body, the Recollect fathers, and on them he bestowed many marks of favor. He repeatedly praised their work to the king, and constantly begged his majesty to increase their number at Quebec. The aggressive side of his character was forever exposed to the Jesuits and their allies. To the Recollects he was a firm and unvarying friend. His trials with the clergy gave him great anxiety, and he seldom wrote a letter to the king or to Colbert without referring to them. On the 2d of November, 1672, he wrote: "Another thing displeases me, and this is the complete dependence of the grand vicar and the seminary priests on the Jesuits, for they never do the least thing without their order; so that they, the Jesuits, are masters in spiritual matters, which, as you know, is a powerful lever for moving everything else." He charged the clergy with abusing the confessional and intermeddling with private family affairs, and expressed his dislike, in strong terms, of their secret doings in the colony, and their attempts to set husbands against wives, and parents against children—"and all," he added, "as they say, for the greater glory of God." Of course, Frontenac exaggerated a good deal the actual condition of things, but his provocation was, doubtless, great, and he was a man who could brook no interference with his plans and projects.

Frontenac had wonderful power over savage nature. The policy of the king was to civilize the Indians, and the count was early advised of the royal will. The task could not have been entrusted to better hands, and he embarked into it with zeal and energy. His first act was to teach the warriors to call him "father." The other governors had been merely brothers. He induced the Iroquois to intrust him with the care of eight of their children. Four girls were sent to the Ursulines, two of the boys he kept in his own house; the remaining two were placed in respectable French families, and sent to school to be educated. All this

was done at the personal expense of the governor. Even in this he found trouble with his old enemies. He asked the Jesuits to help him, but they declined. At this, he wrote a wrathful letter, charging them, not very accurately, with "refusing to civilize the Indians, because they wished to keep them in perpetual wardship."

Frontenac was next engaged in the important work of western exploration. It promised much for the colony, and the enthusiastic soul of the *Sieur Robert de la Salle* being early enlisted in the scheme, its success was assured. La Salle was one of the most intrepid and skillful explorers who ever lived. He was brave and daring, willing to share the sternest hardships, full of the spirit of comradeship, and though he rarely had a penny in his pocket, his head was forever full of projects and plans and beautiful fancies. He was just the man to inspire Frontenac with faith in his mission. The two men had at once a mutual liking for one another. Frontenac forgot his quarrels with the clergy, and gave his whole attention to the burning words of the self-reliant explorer. No man knew better than La Salle the part of country he had determined to traverse. With Lake Ontario and its shores he was equally familiar. It had been decided to build a fort near the outlet of the great lake. La Salle convinced the governor that a suitable spot for the post could be found at the mouth of the river *Cataraqui*, and there, the site of the present city of Kingston, it was built in July, 1673. From La Salle Frontenac learned that the English were intriguing with the Iroquois and the tribes of the upper lakes, with a view of getting them to break the treaty with the French, and bring their furs to New York. Frontenac lost no time to counteract this. He announced a tour, with a strong force, through the upper parts of the colony.

Being without funds to carry on this crusade, he levied on the people of Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers, and other settlements, ordering them at their own cost to supply men and canoes as soon as the spring sowing would be over. The officers in the colony were invited to join the expedition. The governor left Quebec on the 3d of June, with a numerous retinue, and on his arrival at Montreal a delay of

thirteen days was made, to enable him to perfect his arrangements for the arduous journey westward. To Onondaga, the political stronghold of the Iroquois, La Salle had been promptly despatched, with orders to secure the attendance of the chiefs at a council convened by the governor, to be held at the Bay of Quinté. Frontenac, in the meantime, changed his mind regarding the place of rendezvous, and sent a messenger, calling the sachems to meet at Cataragui. At Montreal, Governor Perrot received his chief with honors. The soldiers and people met him on landing, a salute was fired, and the judge and the syndic made long, but loyal and patriotic speeches. The priests of St. Sulpice received him at their church and presented him with an address, and *Te Deum* was sung. Frontenac found out, however, that his scheme met with ill-favor from the Montrealers, who saw in the construction of the new post a decided interference with their trade. Every obstacle was put in the way—false alarms were spread; the aid of the Jesuits was invoked, and they, of course, immediately discouraged the scheme. Frontenac turned a deaf ear to remonstrance, and on the 28th of June he set out. His force consisted of four hundred men, including the Mission Indians, and one hundred and twenty canoes and two flat-bottomed boats.

The journey was long and perilous, and for a good part of the way rain fell in torrents. The Indians proved the salvation of the enterprise, and it was during this expedition that Frontenac exhibited his marvellous mastery over his dusky followers. They worked for him with great zeal, and, noticing that he shared their perils and their hardships without a murmur, their admiration for him as a man knew no bounds. He entered heartily into the spirit of their lives, manners and customs. He played with the children and danced with the squaws, on occasion, and once or twice he led a war-dance; but he also knew well when to threaten and punish, and when to apply blandishments. True to his allies he never was, and part of his policy was never to deceive. Several times he could have made peace with the Iroquois for himself, had he consented to leave out of the terms such tribes as were friendly to

the French. But these he would never abandon, and this policy gave him a name, among friends and foes alike, for fair dealing. Perfect faith and belief in himself he always had. The Iroquois gave him most trouble, for they loved fighting for its own sake. When not harassing Frontenac, they were waging war on the Illinois and Hurons, and other tribes whose sympathies were generally on the side of the French. The Confederacy preferred to sell their furs to the English and Dutch of Albany, than to the French, the prices they received being better. But the tribes who were friendly to their white enemies had the richer product of these peltries, and La Salle's fort of St. Louis, the mission of Michillimackinac, and other posts, really controlled the trade.

It was to gain this traffic that the five tribes of the League made war on the Indians who engrossed it. Frontenac deemed a conference between all the parties interested desirable. After some parleying, the Indians agreed to meet and talk over matters at the place named by Frontenac, the scene of the new fort. He met the Indians with much ceremony. They had watched the construction of the fortified post with deep interest. The great council was a most impressive affair. The governor bore his grandest air. He entertained the warriors to become Christians and to listen to the teachings of the "black gowns." After giving them much counsel, and praising and scolding them by turns, he asked the chiefs to give him a number of their children, to be educated at Quebec, not as hostages, but out of friendship. The Indians paused, but in the following year they acceded to it. The governor carried his point, but it cost the king ten thousand francs—money, however, which was well invested. There was peace for a time, and the count wrote to the minister that, with a fort at the mouth of the Niagara and a vessel on Lake Erie, the French could command all the upper lakes.

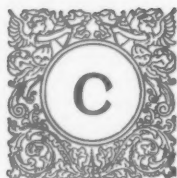
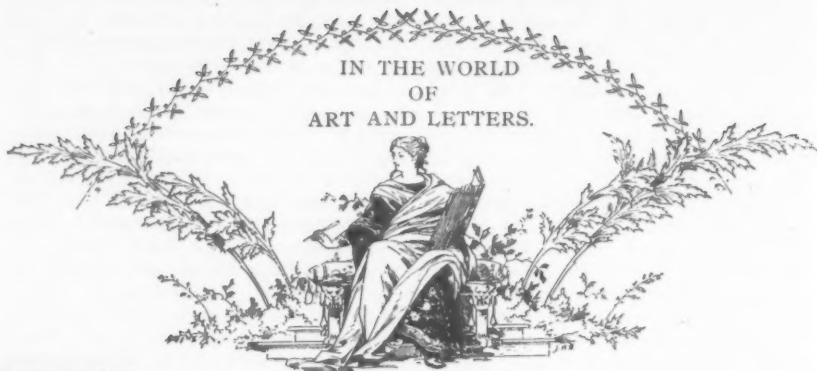
The quarrel between Frontenac and Governor Perrot of Montreal, inasmuch as it involved many others, including the Abbé Salignac de Fénelon, half-brother of the famous author of *Télémaque*, proved an interesting, but trying episode in Frontenac's career. Perrot suffered for his rashness in his attempt to defend

the bushrangers from the strong arm of the count, who, acting from home instructions, had suppressed the outlaws. He was ordered to apologize. Fénelon was sustained in his plea that he had a right to be tried by an ecclesiastical tribunal, but his superior, Bretonvilliers, forbade his return to Canada. Frontenac was lectured, though sustained, and ordered to be kind to the priests. It was found necessary to make some administrative changes, and M. Duchesneau was sent out to New France as intendant. Bishop Laval, who had been absent from his see, returned, and almost immediately fresh troubles arose. The question of selling brandy to the natives became a serious cause of contention between governor and prelate. The intendant, who from the first was prejudiced against his chief, sided with the bishop. One question after another arose to disturb the serenity of the horizon. The old rivalry between church and state, in questions of precedence and of honors was most vexatious. The crown at last became tired of these bickerings, and some sharp letters were sent to both the governor and his intendant. The religious quarrel was no sooner settled, when a civil difficulty came up. The governor quarreled with his council, and at last imprisoned three of them in their houses. Duchesneau claimed, by virtue of his commission, to be styled "president and chief of council." Frontenac, however, would not hear of it. The king at last had to interfere, and the title of president was refused to either, but the intendant was commanded to perform the duties of presiding officer. Frontenac was reprimanded for abusing his authority in exiling his councillors and attorney-general, and was warned to be more circumspect in future, lest he be recalled from office. For a brief season there was quiet, but it was very brief, and then, unable to endure the strife longer, the king carried out his threat and removed his representative from the colony.

He was succeeded by Le Fèvre de la Barre, a soldier of repute, but a temporizer, cold and insincere in manner, and no match for Indian diplomacy or duplicity. He had a troubled reign, and very early in his career exhibited his total inability for governing Canada. In turn, he gave place to Denonville, a soldier also, and a marquis, and a man much esteemed at court for his valor. When he arrived in Quebec, the colony was in sad disorder. A vigorous policy was determined upon, but the new governor failed entirely to achieve success for his administration, and the fearful massacre at Lachine brought matters to such a crisis that the king recalled the marquis, forgave Frontenac for his past offenses, and invited him for a second time to take the helm. In the autumn of 1689, the old governor, now in his seventieth year, arrived in Quebec, and was received with great rejoicing. He at once set his house in order, and the iron hand was soon at work again. The fleet of Phips was repulsed, the Indians were subdued and broken; but the old quarrels between Frontenac and the bishop and the intendant were continued. Meanwhile the crowns and diplomats of England and France had concluded the peace of Ryswich in 1697. Frontenac got word of it from King Louis in July. There were still some parries of diplomacy between the old French soldier and the English governor at New York, the Earl of Bellemont, each trying to maintain the show of a paramount authority over the Five Nations. But Frontenac was not destined to see the end. In November he was taken ill, and on the 28th he died, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, sincerely mourned on two continents. Before dying he directed that his heart might be sent to his wife, in a silver casket. It is said that she declined to receive the memento, on the ground that she had never had it when he was living, and did not want it when he was dead.







**Children! Children!**—The official statistics have this month published the results of the last census. It would appear from them that if France is not being depopulated, its population at least does not increase. Large families are with us rare exceptions, and when they are met with are more apt to be ridiculed than admired. I do not know whether you are aware of the fact, but in our theaters it is a traditional joke to present upon the stage an

Englishman and an Englishwoman followed by fourteen or fifteen children ranged in regular gradation, like steps of stairs. When the smaller ones come on the scene, at the tail end of the troop, they are greeted with shouts of laughter by the audience, to whom nothing could appear more ridiculous than a family whose every year has been marked by the birth of a baby. Among us an inexhaustible supply of amusement is furnished by Mother Gigogne, who, in the shows of the Champs Élysées, lets a string of children escape from under her petticoats, all shouting and jumping and whirling around her.

Fecundity is in French mothers of families a sort of blemish. When a young wife presents her husband with an heir, it is bad enough; if a second comes, she is pitied; if a third is on the way, those interested are angry, and the indifferent keep away; if a fourth—oh! if a fourth, there will be an explosion of indignation against the tyrant of a husband, of pity or of ridicule for the wife. But never fear—they are not likely to expose themselves to it.

Among the middle class, and especially among the Parisian middle class, families with one or two children are the rule. There has just been founded, under the presidency of Mme. Destillon, a league, the object of which is the encouragement of large families. I have become a member of this league, without being quite sure that the methods which it indicates and which it proposes will prove very efficacious. But then, I am in line with it. I have had four children, and I have already been made several times a grandfather. And, as I am past the age of active service, and have long since entered on that which we call "territorial," I may be allowed to give advice to others without having it said to me, "Practise what you preach."

I will confess, however, that I am less alarmed than our philosophers by the disinclination shown by the French to having large families. It is true that births diminish; but the population does not decrease—it even increases, thanks to the gradual infiltration of foreigners who come to reside in our country, and who, charmed by the attractions of our civilization, become naturalized. Their sons become good Frenchmen, and their grandsons forget completely the country of their origin.



Was there ever a Frenchman more French than Gambetta, who, in 1870, remained to the last in the breach, the gallant hero of the deadly contest, when all others had lain down their arms? But there had not been left a drop of Italian blood in his veins. He was a Frenchman in heart and soul, and even in intellect.

Many psychologists seem to fear that this gradual and incessant infiltration of foreign blood into French veins may in time alter the character of our people. They lose sight of the fact that our race is formed precisely by an extraordinary intermingling of all races. Celts, Iberians and Romans have mingled together to form it; and later, all the hordes that came from Germany have thrown still other new elements into this ceaselessly bubbling crucible.

You remember what has been related about the brass of Corinth. It was made by fusing together over an immense fire an enormous quantity of materials. The secret of the composition has been lost; but it was a marvelous metal which the greatest sculptors loved to use for their immortal masterpieces.

Well, the composition of the French race is something similar. It is homogeneous; it is not one. The elements of which it is composed have by the action of time, by a happy concurrence of circumstances, commingled so as to produce a harmonious whole. Our race is made up of Gauls, or primitive Celts; of Latins, of Franks, and perhaps of Visigoths. Try to distinguish each separate particle in the current of the general circulation and to assign it to the particular nationality from which it proceeds—you will not succeed. It is French blood.

So the work of centuries continues in the nation through this incessant afflux of people to whom we accord a wide and benevolent hospitality. The Belgians to the east, the Italians to the south, the Swiss beside us, brings us their particular modes of thinking and acting; but they are all gradually affected by their environment; they are reacted upon by it; they are deformed and transformed without even being conscious that it is so. Their sons are our nephews; their grandsons are undistinguishable from ours. We have admitted them to our hearths; they will have a part in our patrimony of wealth and of glory.

And has not the same thing been going on among you? Have you not absorbed and incorporated in the nation the enormous quantity of material furnished by the emigrants who have brought to you a prodigious diversity of languages, of manners, of aptitudes, of prejudices, and, in a word, of blood? The fusion is perhaps less complete in the United States than with us, for the reason that it has been effected more rapidly, in a more irregular manner. But is not the American, as well as the Frenchman, a well-defined and clearly recognizable type?

The time is past when the peoples could live apart from one another, entrenched, so to say, in their primitive peculiarity. The facility of communication invites them to mix with one another, and even the most refractory are beginning to let themselves be approached. I have not a doubt but that within a century every man on the face of the globe will wear the top hat and the swallow-tail coat. And the minds of men will come to resemble one another as much as their costumes.

These philosophical considerations, which are very just if they are not carried too far, ought not, however, to divert our attention from an impending danger.

One day a Prussian officer, speaking of the war which threatened to break out some day between Germany and France, said arrogantly: "Oh! it will not last long. We shall soon kill all those comedians!"

It would be only prudent on our part, then, to form a reserve force of soldiers. Shall we do so? It would seem that at the present moment, under the influence of the league of which I have spoken, the prejudice against large families is beginning to give way. But how slowly!

FRANCIQUE SARCEY.



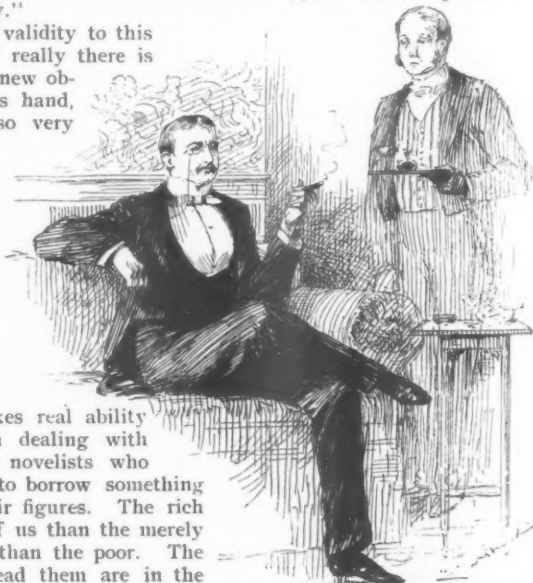
Drawn by F. G. Altoud.



he "New Obstacle" in Love-Affairs.—A contemporary paragrapher affects to pity the contemporary novelist in having to create for every story he devises a new obstacle—"a fatal something to separate hero and heroine in order to prevent their marrying in the first page and thus ending the story before it is fairly begun."

"The old obstacles," this paragrapher says, "are all out of date or used up. The eighteenth century villain wouldn't work nowadays; absence and shipwreck have been pretty well shorn of their usefulness in fiction by modern improvements which have made transportation cheap and swift and communication easy."

There is a specious show of validity to this paragrapher's complaints, but really there is not much in them. There is a new obstacle ready to every novelist's hand, and one so inevitable and so very widely applicable, that the difficulty seems to be not to find it but to get over it without sacrificing either the probability or the interest of the story. This new obstacle is the present standard of living among people of polite tastes. There are writers who can make good stories about people whose incomes are small and whose manner of life is simple and inexpensive, but that takes real ability and downright competence in dealing with human nature. Most of the novelists who entertain our leisure are fain to borrow something from the environment of their figures. The rich are more interesting to most of us than the merely well-to-do, and the well-to-do than the poor. The people who buy novels and read them are in the main well-to-do people, and they like, other things

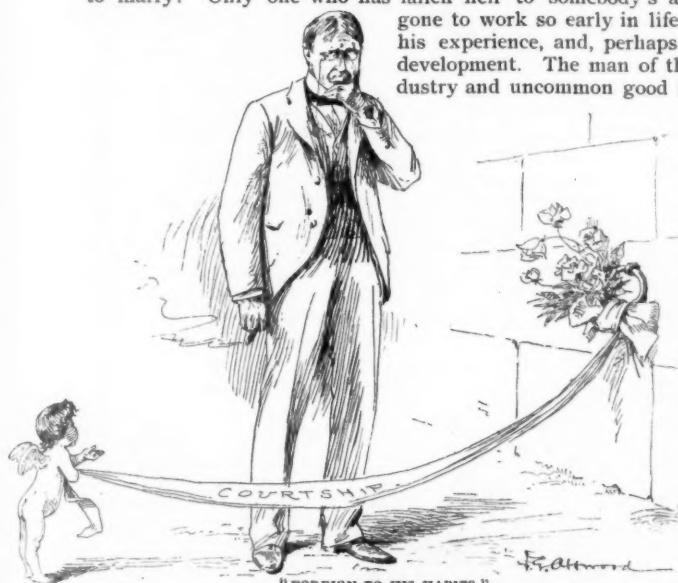


"A DISTRESSING CREATURE TO MAKE A LOVER OUT OF."

being equal, to read about people who are in about the same circumstances as themselves, or else in better ones. If they read about the poor it is because genius has gone to the making of the story. But the standard of living which the well-to-do affect now in this country is excessively high and very expensive. Children who have been brought up in well-to-do homes get used to that standard and do not like to descend to existence in a less expensive plane. That the standard of living and the difficulty of finding income enough to meet it is an obstacle to marriage in real life is matter of the commonest and most cursory observation, and it would seem to be a very exacting story-writer who could not find in it obstacle enough to make ample delay, anguish and embarrassment for the creatures of his fancy. Love-making comes natural to men in the early twenties. It is then that they are most susceptible, and that their habits are still in such a formative state that they may reasonably be considered to be marriageable. But what young man of twenty-two or twenty-three can the conscientious novelist permit his heroine to marry? Only one who has fallen heir to somebody's accumulations, or has

gone to work so early in life as to have narrowed his experience, and, perhaps, even his intellectual development. The man of thirty-five, who by industry and uncommon good fortune has at length

put himself in the way of supporting a wife is seriously impaired for purposes of fiction. His early fires have burnt out; he has come to be a humdrum creature inured to clubs, able to take care of himself, and regardful if he thinks of marrying at all, of the ensnarement of a maid who will make him comfortable. The earnest novelist who likes an occasion to use boiling ink must regard him somewhat ruefully. He is at a suitable age



"FOREIGN TO HIS HABITS."

enough to be a parent, and would make a decorous young father, solicitous about the education of children old enough to ride bicycles, but he is a distressing creature to make a lover out of.

And what of the girl who might have married him if he had been able to ask her when she was young enough to know no better? By the time he is thirty-five she has come to be at least thirty, and though she is still charming and is wiser than she was at twenty-three, her gain in wisdom has cost her something. She is wrier than she was, more settled in her tastes and habits, more sophisticated, more disposed to nice calculations, and readier, if her lot is tolerable, to bear the ills she knows, than to fly to others that she has never tried.

Surely the contemporary novelist's obstacle is cut out for him and ready to hand. If he ventures to let his young people plight their troth in the spring-time of life he must hold them to their fealty for seven or eight years at least, and probably much longer, while his young man is getting a sufficient start in his profession to afford his prospective spouse the reasonable comforts to which she has been used. If he marries them before that necessary preliminary has

been accomplished, he is in duty-bound to see them through the trials of housekeeping and the rearing of young children under circumstances to which neither of them have been accustomed and which, though poorer people might find them luxurious, amount in their case to privation. If he delays his love-making till his lover has his living in sight, he must depict the courtship of a gentleman whose love-making days are past, who is no longer subject to hallucinations of the senses, and whose attitude to the business of wooing is that it is an unavoidable inconvenience, as foreign to his habits as the pastime of skipping the rope; something that a dignified gentleman of mature years would rather do, if he could, by proxy, and which it is a profound relief to have over.

Of course, there are rich young men, and the novelist can take one if he likes and start his courting as soon as he chooses; but to take a rich young man for a hero is in some degree a begging of the question. Making a living is so large a part of the business of life that a man whose living has all been made for him is so seriously defective as the front figure in a novel, that to make him serve the story's turn is difficult enough to rank itself as a tolerable obstacle. And of course, too, there are rich girls, who are safely courtable by men of any age and any income; but to marry a young and indigent hero to a rich girl without spoiling him or alienating the reader's interest about his future, is a good literary feat with difficulties enough in it to satisfy a fairly scrupulous writer. Statisticians have reckoned that it costs eight thousand dollars for a small family to live a year in New York in decorous semi-comfort. If that is not obstacle enough to delay the incidents of a story until they have time to get written, then, as Brer Rabbit would say, "Joe's dead and Sal's a widder," and the novel-writing industry is not what it is cracked up to be.



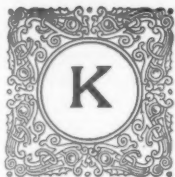
Drawn by F. G. Attwood.

"SHE IS WARIER."

EDWARD S. MARTIN.



"IN THE EARLY TWENTIES."



# Kit-Kats and Bishops' Half-Lengths.—If Kit-Kats are

not so novel a form of literature as Mr. Edmund Gosse asserts, there is unquestionable originality in his christening of it. For a Kit-Kat, as he is careful to explain in his preface to "Critical Kit-Kats," is a "modest form of portraiture which emphasizes the head, yet does not quite exclude the hand of the sitter." To paint these, Mr. Gosse blends biography with criticism, his personal intercourse with most of his subjects enabling him to add new and vital touches. Sometimes even he becomes so familiar with his sitters as to call them by their Christian names, and in the sketch of Stevenson criticism has vanished entirely in a burst of confidences. "Kit-Kats" is, in short, but a happy after-thought to give unity to a set of disconnected articles. Mr. Gosse might as well have called some of them "Chit-Chats," or "Gossips." There is, however, a deeper sense in which "Kit-Kats" does express them. For "Kit-Kats" are, in painters' parlance, forty-eight by thirty-six. And forty-eight by thirty-six, counted in years, just hits off Mr. Gosse's criticism. They have the balance of middle-age, touched at the one extreme with the enthusiasm of youth, at the other with the torpid caution of impending age. Well-bred, elegant and mature, and occasionally permitting himself a smile of humor, Mr. Gosse paints, with equable pencil, Walt Whitman and Tolstoi, Pater and Stevenson, Christina Rosseti and Edward Fitzgerald, and not least, Edmund Gosse, a modest form of portraiture which emphasizes the hand, yet does not quite exclude the head of the sitter. And the hand is patting and caressing, gloved in velvet. Mr. Gosse reveals himself at moments as an excellent critic, with a grasp of principles, but he is so genial that he cannot strike. "The splendid single line is out of fashion now," he says, animadverting on its predominance in Lord De Tabley's poetry. "We are just now all in favor of a poetry in which the force and beauty are equally distributed throughout and in which execution, not of a line or of a stanza, but of a complete poem, is aimed at." And, having said this, he spoils it all by adding, "But this is really a fashion rather than a law." This is one of the strokes that emphasizes the hand of Mr. Gosse rather than his head. If Mr. Richard Le Gallienne had not given the name of "Retrospective Reviews" to the collection of criticisms which appears contemporaneously with Mr. Gosse's, he might have called his sketches (borrowing a hint from his rival-artist) "Bishops' Half-Lengths." When a bishop has to be commemorated in paint, the canvas must be of a particular shape to allow for the lawn sleeves. Mr. Le Gallienne's portraits of every possible and impossible person of our little day, representing as they do, purely the spiritual aspect of their subjects, have as much right to be called "Bishops' Half-Lengths" as Mr. Gosse's to be called "Kit-Kats," and Mr. Le Gallienne is welcome to the title—retrospectively. Despite inequalities, repetitions and contradictions, the two volumes of what he calls his "Literary Log," make eminently agreeable and occasionally instructive reading. Mr. Le Gallienne has none of Mr. Gosse's bland maturity—he is wilfully young. "Criticism is the Art of Praise," he cries at the start, and indeed there will be those who will call his "Log" a "Log-Roll," unwitting that the author has already hinted at the joke in his title. For he does not lack a comprehensive vision, and over all his eulogistic exuberance is a sanity as of Hazlitt, that knows life to be larger than literature, and yet asks, "Without literature—what were life?" Mr. Le Gallienne has no pretensions to learning. It has been wickedly said of Mr. Saintsbury that he never seems to read any book for the first time; and of Mr. Le Gallienne it might be said that he seems to read every book for the first time. He picks up his knowledge as he goes along—vires acquirit eundo. But he has frequently that right feeling which is wiser than all pedantry, and to a sound instinct he adds a happy gift of expression. The critic who boldly lays it down that "Keats is the greatest English poet since Shakspeare," has the root of the matter in him. It is noteworthy that in this appreciation of Keats, Mr. Gosse, though a shade more cautious and ambiguous, is practically at one with Mr. Le



Gallienne. They disagree curiously about Whitman, though perhaps not essentially; for when Mr. Gosse says Whitman must remain outside the company of the poets, he forgets that Whitman wouldn't have minded in the least, for he preferred the company of cows and woodcutters. But perhaps the most striking difference in the two sets of criticisms is, that while Mr. Gosse is so largely biographical and autobiographical, Mr. Le Gallienne, so noted for domestic indiscretions in his own original work, remains impersonal. And the most striking resemblance between the two works is that in both the best things are the quotations.

I. ZANGWILL.



**Literary Event and its Significance.**—The past few months have not been very prolific in literary "events" after one puts aside from his estimate those books that are only ephemeral successes, winning no more than a nine days' admiration. If one were asked to select the most truly significant incident in the recent records of American literary production, he might not unreasonably discover it in the very cordial recognition that has been given both

in England and the United States to Mr. Harold Frederic's "*Damnation of Theron Ware*." The real interest of this novel is not to be found in the mere fact of its popularity, nor in its own undeniable merit. There is an especial reason for ascribing to it a permanent importance; and this reason requires a few words of explanation.

The reading public has become pretty thoroughly familiar with the preaching of Mr. Brander Matthews to the effect that American readers need to shake themselves free from the literary domination of England; and every one has heard the voice of Mr. Hamlin Garland crying in the wilderness and calling aloud for a purely national form of literary art. Unfortunately, these things do not come by taking thought; and perhaps the only result of all this discussion has been to make American writers more and more self-conscious, which was already their besetting sin.

That the English influence is still strong upon us is seen with sufficient clearness in some statistics lately published, which show that twice as many English as American novels were sold in the United States during the past twelve months; and this state of things might conceivably go on forever in the face of all the magazine articles that any one can write and get published. There is not the slightest use in telling the public what it ought to read. It will read exactly what it wishes to, and it will read English in preference to American novels just so long as it finds the English novels the more entertaining. Precisely why they are more entertaining is, of course, a well-worn subject of discussion; but the real explanation is certainly not the one that is oftenest given. It may be that the life depicted by the English novelist offers a field peculiarly well suited to the purposes of the fiction writer; that the clearly defined distinctions of its society afford especially effective contrasts; and that its social picturesqueness appeals with unusual force to the imagination of the American reader. But this cannot be absolutely true; for if it were, no American writer who draws his material from his own environment would ever succeed in overcoming the prepossession of his readers, and all alike would be destined to perpetual failure. That this is not the case is seen in the universal applause accorded to Miss Wilkins, for instance, and the earlier stories of Mr. Howells.

Hence the real reason why our novels of American life do not hold their own with the public for whom they are written is to be found in the novelists themselves. These think that they are national because they draw their themes from American life; but they will never be truly national until they write with a perfect unconsciousness that there is any other life at all; until they cease to keep an anxious eye on English models, and until they give up their absurd attempt to produce English effects with American materials. As it is, they are continually imparting a foreign atmosphere to their delineations of American life. If



they draw an American gentleman they try to give him a superficial resemblance to the typical Englishman, as Richard Grant White did in "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys," and as Richard Harding Davis has done with much more cleverness in his Van Bibber stories; for Van Bibber is the attempted American version of the typical English swell who goes among the poor plebeians and does pretty things in an effectively condescending way. This point of view explains the fact that no one has ever yet written a successful novel of American university life. In "Hammersmith," which is, one may assume, the standard Harvard novel, the author is perpetually struggling to produce "Tom Brown" effects; and in "Student Life at Yale," it is "Verdant Green" that serves at once as a model and as an extinguisher of originality. As a matter of fact, only three or four Americans have thus far thoroughly assimilated our native material and given it forth again in all its picturesqueness—a picturesqueness that is really beyond anything that can be found elsewhere—without a thought of how an Englishman would do it, or whether it would impress the critics as in line with the work of foreign novelists. Hawthorne succeeded in attaining this national detachment in his "Scarlet Letter," aided by the remoteness and the romance of the period described, but he failed miserably with his contemporary picture in the "Brithedale Romance." Mr. Howells, as already said, has succeeded once or twice, and Mr. Hamlin Garland in his latest novel, "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," has also done it in that part of the book which precedes his heroine's arrival in Chicago. Perhaps one might also say that Mr. Stephen Crane had approached success were not his military phantasmagoria so evidently a literary fluke. But Mr. Frederic has very certainly accomplished it with his vivid, strong and masterful delineation of a corner of American life as it actually is—the good and the bad, the fine and the crude, the enlightened and the ignorant—in one finely drawn, consistent picture imbued with penetrating power. And when a writer, instead of telling us how, and why, and when we must be American in our literary work, comes forward and actually turns a theory into an accepted fact, this is a literary event of very great importance, for it marks a step forward in the development of a literature that is destined ultimately to be truly national.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.



**N**ote—"The Story of a Famous Expedition."—An interesting story is told in this number from the lips of Thomas E. Breckenridge, the last of the survivors of the famous party of Fremont which first undertook to cross the Rocky Mountains. Such a personal narrative will not soon appear again. The living participators in hairbreadth escapes of this kind are not many. Breckenridge is still a man of vigor notwithstanding the exposure to which he has been subjected and the encroachments of age. Breckenridge is of the lineage of the celebrated family of Kentucky. He was born in St. Louis county, ten miles from the present city of St. Louis, in 1825. His father was a farmer and at the age of twenty, young Breckenridge was a fine shot and the possessor of a robust constitution, which afterwards sustained him through the vicissitudes of an extremely hazardous life on the plains and in the mountains. He is at the present time living with his faithful wife and three stalwart sons at the little mining camp of Telluride, Colorado.

Breckenridge was recommended by Thomas H. Benton as a member of Fremont's second expedition, and from 1845 until 1849 he was a follower of the great pathfinder of the Rockies, engaging in three expeditions and taking an active part in the campaign on the Pacific coast which freed California from the dominion of Mexico. Breckenridge is perhaps the only survivor of the gallant band that raised the "Bear" flag, and is the sole living representative of Fremont's men who undertook the exploration of the mountain region.



**he St. Louis Tornado.**—The occurrence of the destructive tornado at St. Louis, attended as it was with great loss of life and destruction of property, has attracted general attention to this class of local storms, and some brief explanation of the meteorological conditions which favor the development of storms of this character may prove of interest to the public.

Numerous descriptions of this storm have been published in the journals of the country, and in some cases it has been positively stated that no warnings or forecasts were given by the Weather Bureau of the probable occurrence of tornadoes in the district where this storm occurred. These statements are not in accordance with the facts.

On the morning of the 27th of May, the date of the occurrence of the storm, at 10 A.M., there was issued from the Central Office of the Weather Bureau the following:

"Conditions favorable for 'severe local storms' in the States of the lower Missouri Valley, south and west Illinois and Iowa, this afternoon or to-night. It might be well to announce dangerous conditions in special telegrams if you have not done so."

At the same time the official forecaster in charge of the office at Chicago, issued forecasts which were widely distributed by telegraph and telephone throughout



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ON SITE OF SCULLIN CAR SHEDS.

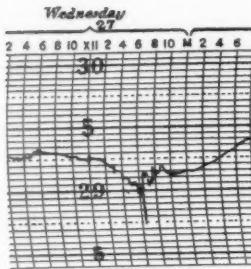


FIG. 1.—SHOWS BAROMETRIC RECORD, WEATHER BUREAU OFFICE, ST. LOUIS.

science of meteorology has ment, when the conditions nadoes can be recognized, by accuracy to form the basis threatened district. Owing covered by these local cable to designate in the where they may occur, but be marked out as was done

There is a class of local which includes tornadoes, storms, etc., all of which have their origin to some atmospheric conditions. The manner in which the energy of condensation occurs, determines the designation of the local disturbance in its class. Professor Ferrel, who is the most generally accepted authority on this subject, in referring to tornadoes, states that the conditions precedent to their development is that of unstable equilibrium for saturated air at the existing temperature, and the tornado occurs when from any cause a gyratory motion is generated with sufficient energy to project a funnel-shaped cloud to the earth's surface. The tornado is a violent, short-lived, vortical storm, local in its character, and continuing but a few minutes over any one point in its path. The wind velocity increases rapidly toward the center of disturbance, and from the effects observed, velocities exceeding two hundred miles per hour have occurred near the vortical center of these storms. They have a progressive motion, and ordinarily move from the southwest to the northeast at a rate per hour, the path in width from a few more, the average one thousand feet. feet is usually great—the area passed over cloud. There is an motion around the left, contrary to the The general circula- phere within the tor- that within the cy-

Missouri and Illinois, giving warning of the probable occurrence of severe thunder-storms, which were likely to assume destructive character. The term "severe local storms" is the official designation of tornadoes, and, when so used, is so understood by those residing in the localities where tornadoes frequently occur. The term "Tornado" is not used in the official forecasts for obvious reasons.

The fact that the conditions attending the develop- ment of this distinctive tornado were recognized by the Weather Bureau officials some hours in advance, may appropriately be referred to in an article which is to appear under the general heading "Progress of Science," as it serves to emphasize the fact that the

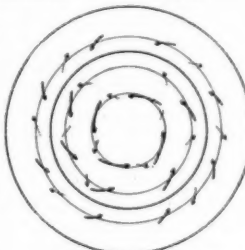


FIG. 2.—SHOWS CIRCULATION OF AIR IN CYCLONES.

made some recent advance- likely to be attended by tor- the officials, with sufficient of an official warning to the to the smallness of the area storms, it is not practi- forecast the exact locality the threatened district may in the present case.

atmospheric disturbances waterspouts, thunder- are local in character, and extent in the same general

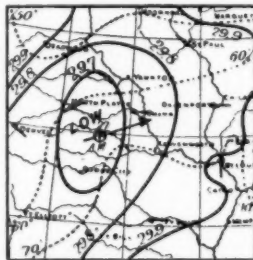


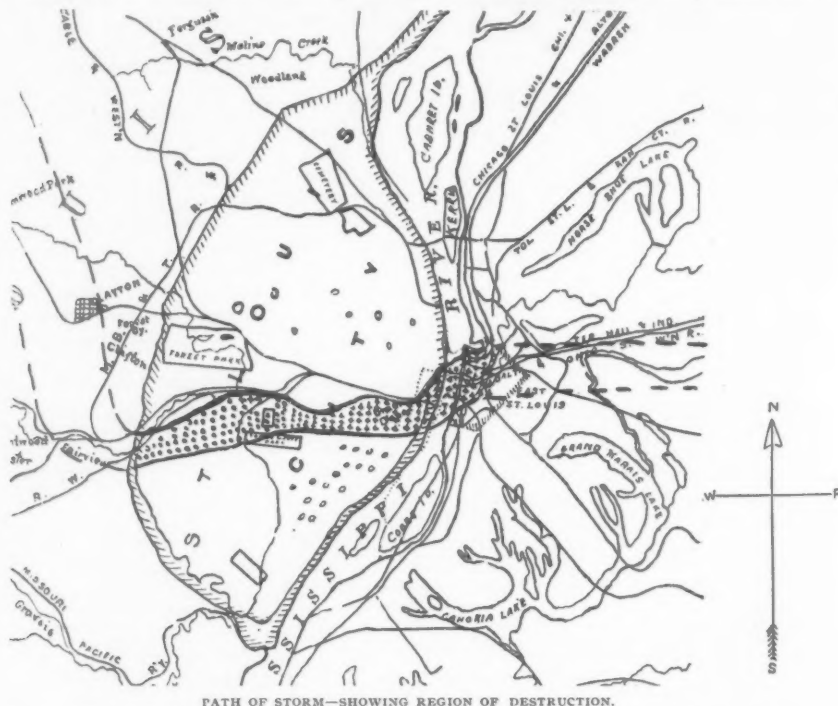
FIG. 3.—POSITION OF BAROMETRIC DEPRESSION TEN HOURS PREVIOUS TO OCCURRENCE OF TORNADO.



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WALLS FORCED OUT—ROOF DROPPED.

of about thirty miles of the storm varying yards to a mile or width being about The destructive ef- est in and very near by the funnel-shaped ascensional gyratory center, from right to hands of a watch. tion of the atmos- nado is similar to clone, but they differ

from each other in extent and energy: the cyclone covering areas ranging from five hundred to one thousand miles in diameter, while the path of the tornado is rarely greater than one thousand feet in width. The force of the wind in the cyclone, or barometric depression, is much less than it is in the tornado. The cyclone is a revolving disk of air probably not more than two miles in thickness and a thousand miles in diameter, while the tornado is a gyratory column of rapidly ascending air, the altitude of which is usually much greater than its diameter. In addition to the destructive effect due to the violent wind generated by the tornado, there is an explosive force due to the sudden expansion of the confined air at the center of the storm, which may equal, if not exceed, in violence the force of the wind. If air at the average pressure is confined within a building over which the storm passes, and there is a reduction in pressure cor-



responding to three inches of the barometric column, the explosive force in this case would exert a pressure of about two hundred pounds per square foot upon the inner walls of the building.

Figure 1 exhibits the barometric record as obtained from a self-recording barograph, which is located in the Weather Bureau office at St. Louis, about one mile from the track of the storm. It will be observed that there was an instantaneous decrease in pressure at the time the storm-cloud passed over the city, and even at this distance from the center of disturbance, and outside of the path of great destruction, there was a decrease in pressure amounting to at least fifty pounds per square foot, and it is probable that the explosive effect at the center of this storm exerted a pressure on the inner walls of buildings passed over exceeding three hundred pounds per square foot. The chief of the Weather Bureau, Prof. Willis L. Moore, made a careful inspection of the storm-swept portion of



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WRECK OF CATHOLIC CHURCH.

or cyclones, a fact which has been disclosed by the study of the daily weather map, upon which has been charted the location and time of occurrence of a large number of observed tornadoes. The occurrence of these storms in the southeast quadrant of the depression is accounted for upon the general principle that the unstable state of the atmosphere favorable for their development is in this quadrant. The general circulation of the air about the center of a cyclone is indicated in the accompanying diagram No. 2. The heavy arrows show the surface wind, while the dotted arrows indicate the probable direction of upper currents. It will be seen that in the southeast quadrant, the surface currents, if elevated, would likely come in contact with upper currents moving in the contrary direction. The excessive heat and moisture which usually immediately precede the development of tornadoes doubtless cause a buoyant effort sufficient to force the surface currents, which attend the cyclone, to an unusual altitude, and the line of contact of these currents with colder contrary currents is the region where eddies are formed, and when the currents are extensive and the air moving with sufficient energy, rapid condensation occurs, and the eddies are projected downward toward the earth's surface, forming the funnel-shaped cloud of the tornado.

It is probable that most of the tornadoes occur in the south octant of the depression, which is bounded on the west by the meridian of the storm-center, and, also, that the northwest wind of the cyclone which immediately follows the center of disturbance, overruns the surface winds in the southeast quadrant. These northwest winds, at altitudes ranging from one-half to two miles, have a greater velocity than the surface winds, and they are urged toward the east by the progressive movement of the cyclone, and along the line of contact of these counter-currents these destructive local storms are generated. This theory of the origin of tornadoes is supported by actual observations taken from a balloon under the most favorable circumstances.

On the 4th of July, 1874, at 4 P. M., a balloon left Buffalo when a cyclone of considerable energy was central at that point. The course of the balloon was to the southeast, and it landed at Salem, New

the city on the day following its occurrence, and makes positive statement based on the evidence at hand, of the whirling movement, which was at least half a mile in width. He also observed that in many instances where dwelling-houses were destroyed, the walls had been thrown outward, leaving many of the roofs intact. In one case the entire upper story was blown away and the roof had settled down on the first story. The day had been unusually warm and many of the windows and doors of the lower floors were open, while those of the upper stories were closed, thus preventing the escape of air from the upper rooms, and therefore the explosive effect was most marked upon the upper portion of the buildings.

Tornadoes usually occur in the southeast quadrant of areas of low pressure, east quadrant of areas of low pressure,



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IN THE DIRECT PATH.

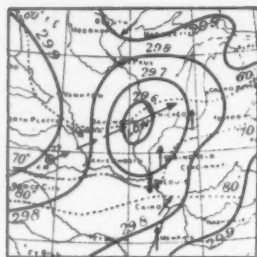


FIG. 4.—POSITION OF BAROMETRIC DEPRESSION TWO HOURS AFTER OCCURRENCE OF TORNADO.

occurred in midwinter. They may occur in any month of the year and in any State east of the Rocky Mountain slope. The region of greatest frequency is that of the lower Missouri Valley, and the month of greatest frequency is June, or between the 15th of May and the 15th of June. The hour of occurrence is usually late in the afternoon and seldom at night.

Figure 3 indicates the feeble barometric depression which was central over eastern Kansas on the morning of May 27, 1896, and within which depression the St. Louis tornado occurred, ten hours after the observations were taken upon which this chart was based. The heavy dark lines are isobars, or lines of equal pressure, and the dotted lines are isothermal lines; the small arrows show the direction of the wind, the large arrows the direction in which the depression was moving.

Figure 4 is a similar chart showing the position of the storm-center at 8 P.M., two hours after the occurrence of the storm. It will be seen that the center of disturbance was near Des Moines, Iowa, when the St. Louis tornado occurred.

The accompanying diagram of the city of St. Louis shows the course of the storm, the width of the track of destruction, and the ill-fated portion of the city. Previous to entering the city, the storm apparently moved from the northwest, and in crossing the city, it moved slightly to the north of east. The number of killed in St. Louis, as taken from the official records, was 138; number injured, 350. Number killed in East St. Louis, 119; number injured, 300. No exact estimate of the damage to property has yet been prepared. A reliable estimate, however, places the total loss of property at \$20,000,000, of which \$2,000,000 was caused in East St. Louis. The damage to the city institutions in St. Louis, not including the cost of repair of streets, eighty-five miles of which were severely damaged, is about \$850,000.

H. H. C. DUNWOODY, U.S.A.



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**he Polarizing Photo-Chronograph.**—In a former number of this magazine (January, 1896), a brief description was given of this instrument and of its application to the determination of the velocities of projectiles outside the bore of guns. Through the courtesy of Dr. A. C. Crehore and Lieut. G. O. Squier, I am now enabled to give some important and remarkable preliminary results obtained by them, extending the use of the instrument to the deter-

mination of the motion of a projectile before leaving the bore of the gun. The importance of such determinations will be appreciated when it is remembered that they lead to a knowledge of the force exerted by the powder-gases at different points in the bore of the gun, a problem the accurate solution of which has exercised the military experts of many nations for more than fifty years.

It will not be possible to here outline the numerous methods by which the solution of the problem has been attempted. That employed by Doctor Crehore and Lieutenant Squier (by the direct determination of the motion of the projectile itself before leaving the gun) has been previously used, but it is safe to say that this direct determination has never before been made in so simple and accurate a manner and without any mutilation of the gun employed.

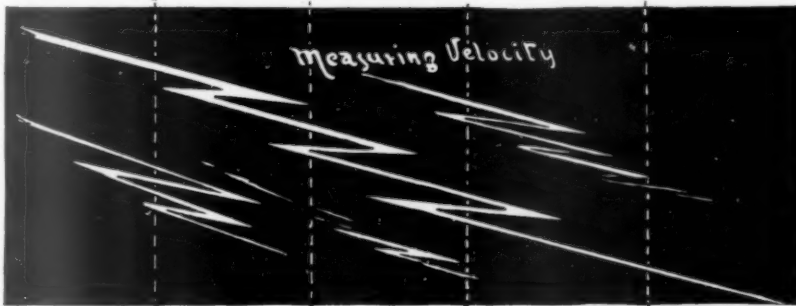
The projectile when inserted in the gun had fitted to its head an accurately turned wooden rod which extended out at the muzzle. A copper wire embedded in the rod along its entire length made metallic connection with the projectile. At determined intervals along the rod copper bands encircled it and made metallic connection with the embedded wire. The wooden rod passed through and was pressed upon by a metallic brush-ring at the muzzle of the gun. Whenever the copper bands around the rod were under the fingers of the brush at the muzzle electrical connection was continuous through the ring and band, down the wire to the projectile, through the projectile to the gun, around to the chronograph and back to the ring.

When the projectile is propelled forward the electrical connection is broken at the brush during the time that the rod moves the distance between the bands, and is renewed as each succeeding band reaches the brush. The time-passages of the bands are recorded by the chronograph, and the distance traveled by the projectile between these passages is given by the distances between the bands.

By this arrangement seven observations were made while the projectile moved through a distance of one foot, ten and a half inches; the shortest distance between recorded breaks was one inch and a half. Some of the time-intervals between successive breaks were as small as one two-thousandth of a second, and seven successive breaks were recorded in one two-hundredth of a second.

These experiments, though only preliminary, give promise, if not assurance, of most valuable results, more direct than ever before obtained, and the experimenters think that the method pursued will be as readily applicable to large as to small guns.

S. E. TILLMAN.





### Charity Administration: Its Abuses and Their Remedy.

Charitable institutions are a feature of Christian civilization. They are most numerous among the Anglo-Saxon race, because it is among them that Christianity has achieved its greatest triumphs.

Like every other human institution, charities deteriorate in their management and require careful watching. The history of their establishment is interesting. Almost from the beginning they were subjected to abuses and to the perversion of trust funds. This evil had increased to such an extent that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth there existed in England an enormous number of charities which were very corrupt and in many instances had ceased altogether to fulfil the objects for which they were originated.

To remedy this state of things, laws were passed, in that and succeeding reigns, to compel the managers of charities to apply gifts to the purposes for which they were given. Commissioners were appointed, in the beginning temporarily, and afterward permanently, with power to investigate the charities of the realm and see that all monies were properly applied and accounted for.

It was found that the greatest abuses existed in what were known as private charities, where the sole supervision rested in the hands of persons termed visitors, who had been nominated by the founders.

That, at the present day, abuses exist in charities equal in enormity to those in Queen Elizabeth's time, no one believes, but that there are abuses a very cursory examination is sufficient to determine. This can be shown without going outside the societies' reports. The chief abuses brought to light are: First—The hoarding of large sums of money instead of using them to carry on the work of the society. Second—Using money for a different purpose than that for which it was given. Third—Incurring an enormous indebtedness thereby endangering the stability and usefulness of the society. The constant cry is for a fund invested in bonds and mortgages, or other securities, the income only, and not always that, to be used for the purposes of the charity.

Monies given for the promotion of Christianity are used in purchasing lands and in erecting stately office buildings. This policy has been pursued by the Boards of Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, the American Tract Society, and by many other charities. They run into debt and mortgage their real estate to secure the same to such an extent that all their possessions are jeopardized. The richest societies are brought to the brink of ruin and made objects of derision to the prudent. That these are evils no one can deny. It is a favorable sign that of late the public is taking an interest in the way in which the managers of charitable societies execute the trusts confided to their care. Publicity is the best known antidote for official corruption or mismanagement. The investigation thus engendered is desirable, for charities are, from their nature, sacred trusts.

Charitable societies in this country are usually created by a number of individuals, under the laws of the state in which a majority of the incorporators reside, and in which lies the theatre of their action, for the purpose of engaging in some branch of charitable work. Their nature depends somewhat upon the objects they have in view, so that the same rule of action does not apply indiscriminately to every charitable organization; yet there are certain fundamental laws regulating them which in all cases may be invoked.

As the essence of all charities is love—love to our fellow men, to those less fortunate than ourselves—every true charity grants or affords relief to the poor and friendless, either by supplying or obtaining for them the necessities of life, care, education or religious instruction.

A charity in law is regarded as "a gift in trust for promoting the welfare of the community or of mankind at large or some indefinite part of it." This legal view that a charity is "a gift in trust," and that charity funds are "trust funds," is too often forgotten or completely ignored.

The object for which a particular charity has been formed should be uppermost in the minds of those who administer its affairs. Unfortunately, it often seems that a desire to increase the possessions of the society by speculation and money-making occupies the first place.

These state laws are usually ample for the guidance of the managers. They generally point out in what investments charities are allowed to put their funds; how much property, real and personal, they may hold, and usually give certain governmental officers power to investigate the affairs of the society, or delegate the power to others. Besides this, they usually require the society to file in the office of the clerk of the county in which it is situated, an annual report of its affairs and an inventory of its property. In New York, no trustee or director is permitted, directly or indirectly, to receive any salary or emolument either for his services as director or for any other service he may render the society. That, in practice, these laws are constantly disregarded, there is good cause to believe. It is not for want of laws that the societies are not better managed, it is because the laws are not enforced.

A manager of a charity is a trustee for the society and stands in the same relation that other trustees do towards the estate which is committed to their keeping. The management should be conducted in a prudent and business-like manner, and when it is necessary to invest any of the society's monies, the safety of the investment should ever be the first consideration. Piling mortgage upon mortgage on the society's property is not good and proper management.

It is a general law, applying to all trust directors, that the trustee shall not use his relation to the benefit of himself individually. Therefore, in case of a sale of trust property, he cannot buy it in for himself, because the law wisely says that as a purchaser for himself his interest is to have it sell for as little as possible, whereas his duty as trustee is to have it sell for as much as possible. It is, therefore, a very salutary rule that a trustee shall not purchase the trust property for himself. It is to be feared that managers of charities too often manipulate the monies belonging to the society for their own personal advantage. This may account for the large surplus funds so often held by them. *To be able to deposit this surplus with any bank or trust company they choose, gives influence to the managers as individuals and helps them in their private affairs.*

To be at the head of a society owning a huge twenty-five story office structure, with hundreds of tenants and fine, spacious, beautifully carpeted and upholstered offices, with a superabundance of clerks drawing large salaries, gives importance in the eyes of the world, to the managers in their private capacity, and not infrequently they realize upon this borrowed importance, perhaps to the detriment of the society's true interest.

It is, perhaps, true that some of our charities are beautifully endowed institutions for incompetents. The managers wish to run things to suit themselves, and, if possible, shut out all outside influence. Currency is given to this report by their actions in excluding contributors to the funds of the society from participation in the management. As a rule, charitable societies are close corporations. Everything is in the hands of a few who elect themselves and their successors, making them self-perpetuating bodies.

This state of things did not always exist. Until the year 1877, contributors of one hundred and fifty dollars or more to the American Bible Society had a right to vote at all meetings of the Board of Managers, but in that year this privilege was taken away from all subsequent contributors.

Formerly the New York Mission and Tract Society's Board of Managers was elected by those persons who had, during the preceding year, contributed twenty dollars to the funds of the society. But since the year 1890, the Board of Managers is a self-perpetuating body, and no one has a right to participate in its management or in the election of managers, even though he may have contributed thousands of dollars to its support.

The reason why charitable societies are not better managed is that no effective

oversight is kept on the management. There are two parties who should watch over all the charities: the one is the state, and the other is the people who contribute of their means to their support.

As the state is the largest contributor to most charities by relieving them from taxation, granting them certain charter privileges, and very often handing over to them large appropriations of public money, the state should exercise a real and not an apparent supervision.

As Mr. James C. Carter, the distinguished jurist, justly observes: "Considering the large amount which the public already bestows, if in no other way than in the way of exemption from taxation upon charities, is it not becoming, and would it not be useful, that there should be a public inspection which should make known to the community generally just how all, charitable funds are expended and just how much is accomplished by them?" And he gives it as his reason for believing that such supervision by the state should exist as follows: "I think one great preventive acting upon the minds of men who are able to give and do give large sums to charities is that they are not assured that it will be well applied. They are mostly men who have been accustomed during their lives to business methods, and who have been accustomed to ask themselves just what every dollar will do, if applied to any particular purpose; and before they make the disposition to be satisfied that it will be applied to that purpose."

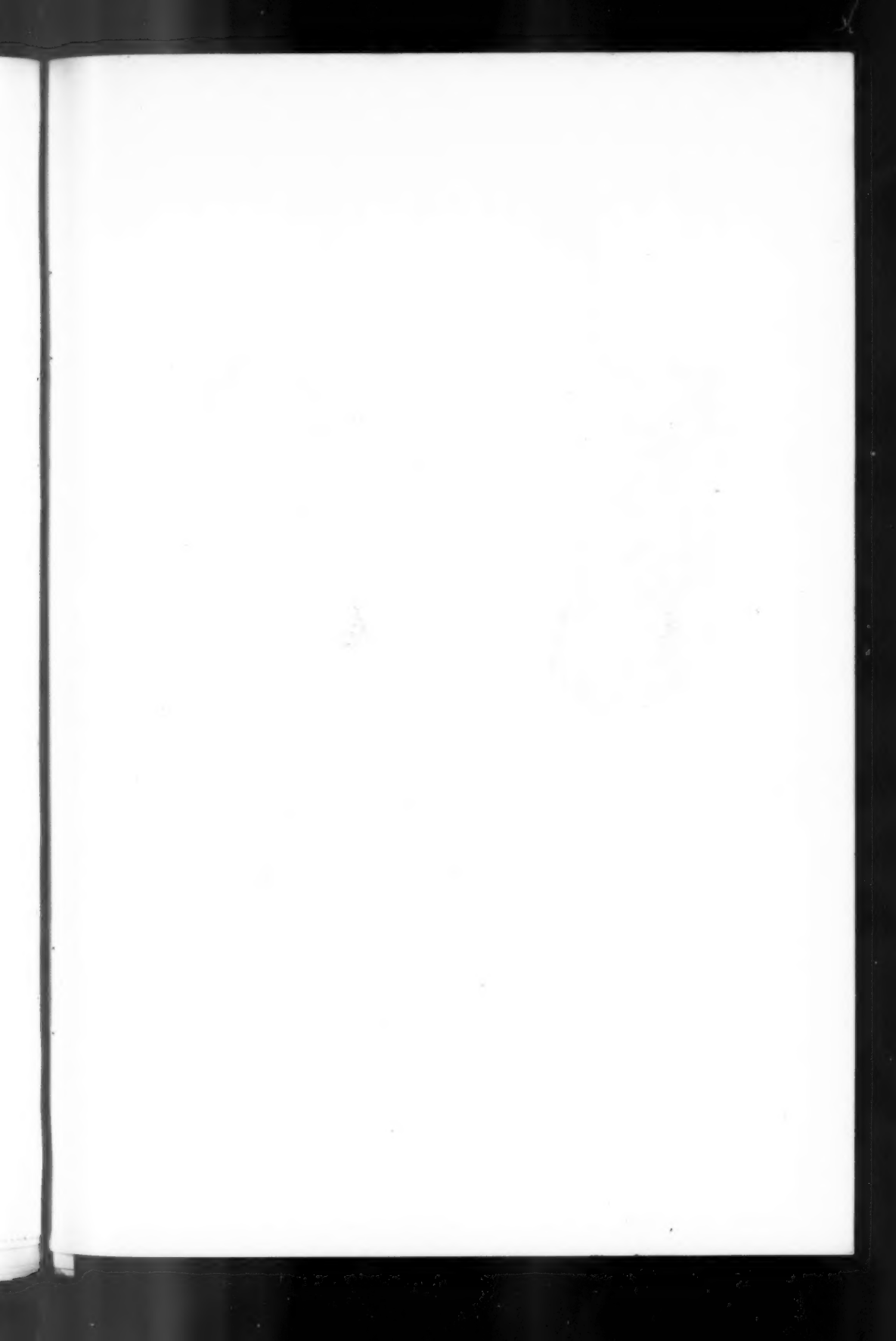
The mismanagement of our charities, like the misgovernment of our cities, is attributable to the indifference of those who should be most interested in having them well managed. The charitable content themselves with giving to some well known charity, and do not take the trouble to further inquire how their money is expended. If the question is ever raised, a look at a list containing the names of the respectable and well known gentlemen composing the Board of Managers, dispels all doubts and silences all inquiries.

How often, in trying to get information, are we confronted with the question: "Have you ever looked over the names of the Board of Managers? Do you know of what wealthy and distinguished men they consist?" Just as if this were any answer or guarantee that the affairs of the society were well conducted. Some of the most gigantic swindles in commercial life have had honored and respected names to further the enterprise—honorable gentlemen being the dupes, tools and figure-heads to impose upon an unsuspecting public in order to make them part readily with their hard-earned savings.

How few givers to charity ever take the trouble to see that their gifts are properly applied—many do not even glance at the published reports to see that their gifts are acknowledged. It is sad to have to relate that a few societies do not even publish a report. Ordinarily contributors think that they have accomplished their duty when they give, and would consider it a hardship to be compelled to study the annual reports. Some go so far as to look upon it as a reflection on the integrity of the men composing the Board of Managers to inquire how their particular gift had been disposed of. It is this reprehensible unwillingness on the part of the contributors to take trouble that causes so many charities to be mismanaged. Managers, like other mortals, do their duty better when they know that they are being watched.

We should seek to become acquainted with all the facts in reference to the disposition made of our gifts. Few of us have time to do much in this line and would doubtless meet with considerable opposition, if not from the managers, at least from the employees of the society, notwithstanding their constant retort, "Our books are open to the inspection of the public." This being a very poor reply, for they know givers have not the time or knowledge requisite to go intelligently over their books, and to employ an expert accountant is practically out of the question. This professed willingness to disclose everything is often feigned, for cases have come to my knowledge where information was refused, except upon payment of certain sums, although the inquirer had been a contributor for years to the society.

ALEXANDER JAY BRUEN.





*Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.*

*(See page 499.)*

"THE BALL TOOK THE EYE OUT OF THE PORTRAIT OF OUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER,  
WHO CAME OVER IN THE MAYFLOWER."